

On Stacey's Country Jamboree, it's good to be bad

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1980. \$1.50

Atlantic Insight

HENRY HICKS will
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Atlantic Insight

January/February 1980, Vol. 2 No. 1



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Cover Story: Doctor, lawyer, ex-premier, senator, university president, the Hon. Henry Hicks soon starts yet another career—as a pensioner. By Stephen Kimber. COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID NICHOLS



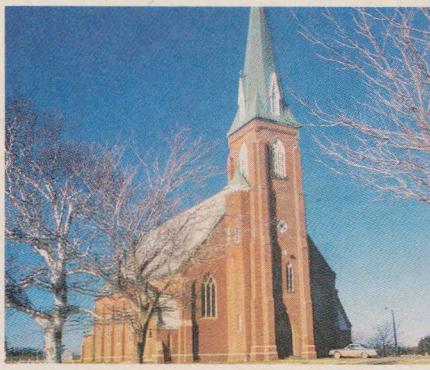
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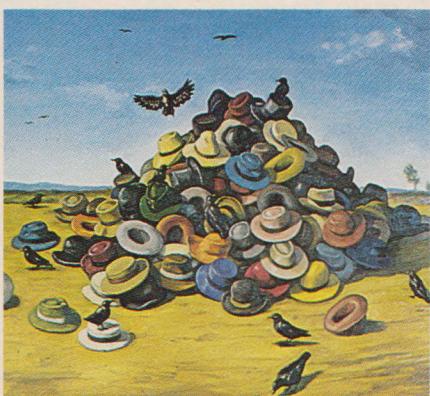
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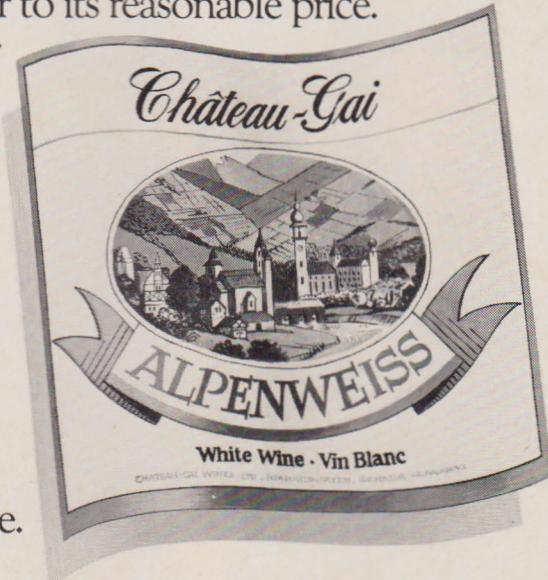


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Publisher's Letter

Advice to the tourist industry in Atlantic Canada: The crunch is coming

Though tourism is the third-largest industry in Atlantic Canada, our tourist "plant" appears strangely indifferent to the threat of higher prices and the traveller's fear of energy shortages to come. Could it be that the tourist industry really doesn't believe that shortages of gasoline and aircraft fuel are looming? Or that dramatic price increases are just around an ominous corner? Or is it that our tourist industry thinks good old government can still be counted on to bail it out?

These questions arise from an international conference on tourism and the energy crisis that *Atlantic Insight* recently sponsored in Halifax. Industry leaders warned the conference to watch for sharp changes in both the patterns and methods of pleasure travel, changes from long-distance touring to single-destination trips, changes that may just make the packaged holiday the only way to go for tourists venturing far from home. For those in the tourist industry who correctly read the signs—and respond to them—new opportunities lie ahead. For those who ignore change till it overwhelms them, the penalty could be business disaster.

Futurist Herman Kahn says that, by 2000 AD, tourism could be one of the world's biggest industries but, in Atlantic Canada, the scarcity of gasoline and jet fuel could blow the lid off his forecast. Tourism here is specially vulnerable to gas shortages because, for 30 years, the automobile has been bringing us a huge proportion of our tourist traffic. If scientists come up with a cheap, new fuel to run cars, then tourism will charge ahead in Atlantic Canada. But if fuel becomes more and more scarce—and governments reallocate bulk supplies to vital non-travel uses—then the tourist industry could wither away.

Moreover, just the fear of shortages, high prices, or being stranded without gasoline limits the length, number and kind of vacation trips. Gas shortages in some American states last spring reduced hotel and motel revenues by up to half. U.S. auto traffic to Atlantic



Canada was reported down nearly 30% in 1979 but our tourist industry—comforting itself with compensating increases from other parts of Canada—acted as though the source of the visitors didn't matter.

It does. For one thing, U.S. tourists traditionally outspend Canadian tourists in Canada. For another, the dollars that Canadians spend in Canada are merely recycled dollars. A dollar kept home, rather than spent elsewhere, may improve our balance-of-payments situation; but tourism, as an industry, is most beneficial to our economy only when it attracts foreigners with new dollars to spend. If it fails to do that, it is little more than an exercise in community recreation.

Against this background, predictions at the *Atlantic Insight* conference were, at worst, dismal; at best, challenging. Speakers warned that Americans will become increasingly reluctant to use cars for pleasure travel; that we'll have to wait at least a decade for new fuels for automobiles and significant changes in auto design; that, in the meantime, the tourist industry in Atlantic Canada could plunge into a recession; and, finally, that even when fuel-efficient cars and new fuels do arrive they won't prevent the death of the

long-distance auto tour. And that's precisely the kind of travel that's long been the backbone of tourism in Atlantic Canada.

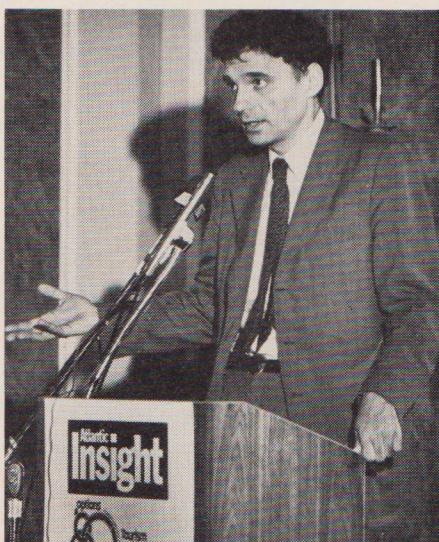
But if the decline of auto travel suggests grim times for the regional tourist industry, it's also a challenge for change. Single-destination resort complexes, sea-going auto ferries, vacation "packagers," car rental firms that can guarantee fuel supplies, bus companies, railways, airlines (if they can get fuel) may even benefit from the crisis. In the long run, the biggest loser may turn out to be the owner of the small roadside motel or cluster of cottages. His beds may be empty in the Eighties. For his sake and, indeed, for the sake of the whole regional economy, the tourist industry of Atlantic Canada has a lot of planning to do. It had better get moving.

Progress report

The New Year is specially happy for *Atlantic Insight*. Paid circulation for this issue, our first in 1980, should pass 60,000. More than 12,000 Atlantic Canadians bought Christmas gift subscriptions in December. This response surpassed even our most extravagant hopes earlier in '79. We appreciate the support, and thank you for it.

W.E. Belliveau

W.E. Belliveau, Publisher

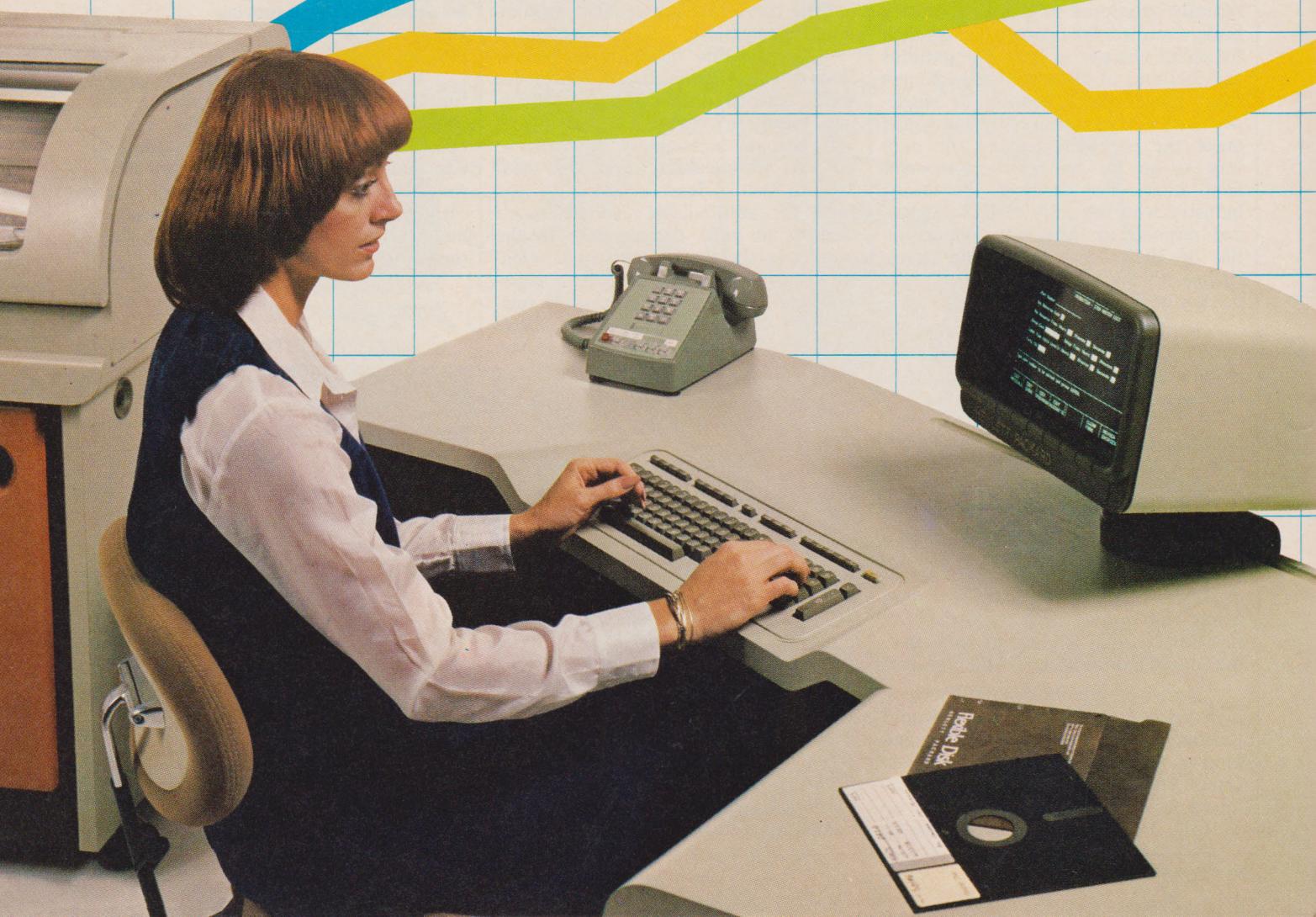


Warnings came from Ralph Nader.....



....and, with a lighter touch, Charlie Lynch

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Editor's Letter

Here she is: Our staff writer in Newfoundland and Labrador



Amy Zierler is a 26-year-old, five-foot-high reporter from Baltimore, Md., Rhode Island, Halifax and, for one bone-chilling but romantic winter, western Newfoundland. She is one of those unusual people who manage to be frank without being offensive. She is too down-to-earth ever to think of herself as a symbol of an entire decade but, for us at *Atlantic Insight*, that's what she is. She is an expression of our confidence that the Eighties will be mostly good to the region and therefore good to us.

We've just hired Amy as our first, full-time editorial staffer outside Halifax. Her new job is to cover all of Newfoundland and Labrador for us and, by the time you read this, she'll already be settled in St. John's. In her breezy, excitable, yet decisive way, Amy said yes only a few hours after we'd offered her the job. Then, in mid-December, she and her husband—Cam Mustard, graphic designer—flew to St. John's, spent a grand total of three days looking at houses, snapped one up, whipped back to Halifax to pack. Amy doesn't kid



Zierler's got zest

around. She and Cam are quite a story. Amy was born and brought up in Baltimore. She met Cam, who comes from Dundas, Ont., at Brown University, R.I., where she earned a BA in comparative literature. His

association with Frontier College took him to the zinc mine at Daniel's Harbour, Nfld., late in '75. Amy followed him. During a vicious blizzard, she rode a train from Baltimore to Montreal for 20 hours and, on Boxing Day, caught the last flight out of Dorval airport.

"The whole airport was shut down," she recalls. "But they cleared this tiny patch of runway for an EPA flight. No one else was flying....When we came into Deer Lake, ice covered the runway. The plane slid all over the place, and when it stopped we all let out a big cheer. I thought it was a really heroic flight. It got me where I wanted to be." Which was with Cam.

They toughed out the winter in a

summer hunting cabin with no insulation and no running water. But the pink evening light on the Long Range Mountains was gorgeous, Amy saw the northern lights for the first time (and thought they were ghosts), and when spring rolled round, she and Cam were married in the Anglican church. Her parents arrived from Baltimore, Cam's family flew in, too; and, in true Newfoundland style, half the town showed up at the party with food, drink and an appetite for dancing. It was a wedding to remember.

The couple moved to Halifax in late '76 and as a freelance writer, Amy made a name for herself so fast that many Haligonians can scarcely believe she was in the city for little more than three years. She meets her deadlines. She is fair, thorough, opinionated, gutsy. She knows what a story is. Moreover, she has a taste for adventure. (She says her grim Boxing Day flight was "fun.") It's that same sense of adventure, we think, that makes her the right person for *Atlantic Insight* in a province that appears to be entering the most adventurous decade in its history.

Harry Bruce

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Feedback

Hell, no, he won't go

As an American by birth and a Cape Bretoner by choice, I was not amused by Jill Cooper Robinson's know-nothing article *Where Are the American Expatriates Going?* (November). For every example Ms. Robinson cites, I can give you a dozen which put the lie to her thesis. Worst of all is the suggestion that those self-serving Americans have taken advantage of our Canadian hospitality, then kissed us goodbye. Let the few who need bigger bucks and faster cars go back to the beast. But for God's sake don't leave your readers with the impression that the American expatriates are going home. They're not.

Andrew Terriss
Red River, N.S.

Jill Cooper Robinson's article should reassure any who fear that Canada has lost its identity. The sum of her piece is that Americans are returning home because they prefer "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" to "peace, order and good government"—which they call the lack of a fighting spirit for civil liberties and overcontrol. If we are reassured by the experience of their stay we can only hope they have gained as much, wish their great experiment (whose audacity we long ago declined) luck, and bid them a fond farewell.

Wayne Hankey
Oxford, England

Who owns the land?

In "This Is My Father's Land," Ron Gay Says (December), Sue Calhoun fails to deal with the fundamental issue of who has title to the land. I am not refuting Gay's claim that his family once held an interest or whether he has a deed. I question whether this constitutes an interest now. Perhaps the article should be appropriately titled "This was my father's land."

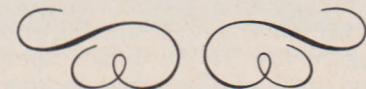
John O'Neill
Dartmouth, N.S.

The real McCain's

While *The Fifth Estate* was obviously one-sided in its view of McCain's as villains, Robert Nielsen was equally biased in depicting the McCain brothers as saviors of the community (*McCain's Equals Spud Power*, December). If Harrison McCain is really concerned about the damage to the company as a result of *The Fifth Estate*, he must regret his part on the program. In the interview he acted like an arrogant, self-centred millionaire.

Rick Surette
Bedford, N.S.

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Feedback

Rear view

As one member of the naive public, and an artist-craftsman to boot, I want to thank Hilda Woolnough for helping us discover what we must learn about art (*Art Comes of Age on the Island*, November). Her desire to see fewer cows' arses in paintings is high-minded and esthetic beyond belief! Now if we can just figure out a way to be rid of the human arses, the art world will surely be a better place.

*Karen Leigh Casselman
Cheverie, N.S.*

Can't we talk it over?

I am absolutely enraged. You gave a hockey player top billing (*Bobby MacMillan, Hockey Player*, November) and Flora MacDonald a back-of-the-book ad-filler spread. You ought to be tarred and feathered!

*Muriel Lutes Sikorski
Moncton, N.B.*

Minglewood lives—and thrives

I want to set the story straight on a point raised in an interview with the Minglewood Band (*Minglewood Band Gets Hot*, November). The quote dealt with the lack of support given to the Minglewood Band by local radio stations. The statement was correct at the time of the interview. I stress this is not the case presently. "Ain't What It Used To Be" was Top 10 on CJCH radio and the Minglewood LP is getting heavy rotation on C100 FM.

*J.H. Quinlan
Halifax, N.S.*

Mauled by malls

No truer words were ever written than those of Amy Zierler (*Can Atlantic Canada Survive Killer Malls?* November). I am a commercial traveller and have witnessed the birth of every shopping mall and the demise of the independent retailer. The rents in the malls are generally exorbitant and you can bet your last mall parking space that the cost of the rent is figured into the price of the merchandise. Most sales people are unknowledgeable about the merchandise they sell for the absentee owner, who takes his profits back to Quebec and Ontario. It is too bad that the public does not compare.

*O.J. Lange
Moncton, N.B.*

From Wolfville, with love

Couldn't help but whimper when you dismissed the entrepreneurs on Front St. as a "counter-culture colony left over from the Sixties" (*Wolfville, N.S.*, November). You know, the Sixties leftovers are people too.

*Betty Morgan Pilgrim
Wolfville, N.S.*

Atwood's genealogy

The family of Margaret Atwood, as well as many of her readers, are grateful to Stephen Kimber for getting through her natural reticence—Margaret is a very private person—to a warm and close relationship with her numerous kinfolk and their long and intimate connection with Nova Scotia. There are, however, some inaccuracies and omissions which, as a possibly prejudiced in-law, I attempt to correct in this letter. The Payzant-Jess-Killam strain goes back to the founding of Lunenburg in 1753 and the Indian raid on the island in Mahone Bay where Louis Payzant, a Huguenot merchant, had a trading post.

Payzant and a servant were killed but his pregnant wife, Marie, and four children were made captive and taken on foot and by canoe over the province, across Fundy, and on to Fredericton, where the children were left in the care of missionaries. Marie was forced to continue the almost incredible journey to Quebec, where she became the mother of a fifth child, Lisette. She was befriended by Montcalm, who had the other children restored to their mother. After the fall of Quebec they returned to Nova Scotia where Marie made a home at Falmouth and Lisette grew up and married George Jess of a family still widely known in the province. A granddaughter of Lisette married Amasa Killam, one of a line of Killams well known in the Annapolis Valley. Margaret Atwood's great-grandfather, William Killam, built a home at Woodville. He was assisted by a forbear, Great-Uncle Silas Rand, the first and most important compiler of Micmac legends, maker of a dictionary and translator of the Bible. Atwood's grandfather, Dr. Harold Killam, was for many years widely known and respected throughout King's County and beyond as a dedicated family doctor. Her mother was Margaret Killam [not Webster] who lived in Woodville until her marriage to Carl Atwood. Her grandmother was a Webster, one of another well-established family, descended from pre-Loyalist planters.

Although the name changed with the Jess and Killam marriages, the Payzant inheritance has continued in a direct and vigorous line to the 10th generation. It seems fair to suggest that it is from the Payzants, three generations of Jess and the well-established line of the Killams that Margaret Atwood derives a substantial part of the iron determination that is as essential to successful and productive authorship as a talent for sustained creative writing.

*C.L. Bennet
Armdale, N.S.*

Bluenoses see red

Mr. Camp's column (*Rich Newfoundland will put bluenoses out of joint. Good*, November) reminds one of an old adage: "It is better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to open one's mouth and remove all doubt." What was he talking about?

*Peter Bryson
Oxford, England*

If Camp meant to be bitter, he was. He lumped all Nova Scotians together, calling them uppity and portraying them with noses that they used for looking down on the other Atlantic provinces. While this may be true of some Nova Scotians it is not true of the majority.

*Barbara Delorey
Halifax, N.S.*

Paradise remembered

My husband and I are on leave this year from our teaching positions in Nova Scotia. One would think that in this island paradise where we can swim in the sea every day one would long for nothing else. Wrong. At times we hunger for fresh Maritime seafood and even cool breezes. Your magazine helps remind us of special places to us. Thanks for *Atlantic Insight*, thanks for making us realize we have a paradise to return to.

*Claudia and Maurice Tugwell
Barbados, W.I.*

Navels are nice

First, a confession: I've never thought of Kennedy Wells as the reincarnation of U Thant (*Let's Stop Ignoring the World Outside*, November). It matters not when Kennedy Wells returned to this country. His problem is, he's never left Ottawa. Mr. Wells feels our affection for our navels has afflicted our pollination. As a hybrid, he has a few blind spots. A recent look at London, Paris and Madrid would reveal that they too are having their problems with regionalism. We're in vogue, it's Mr. Wells who's out of step—with us, with the world.

*A.C. Holman
Charlottetown, P.E.I.*

Christmas past

After reading *Tin Pigs and Raisins* (December) I can only say thank you. Thanks for reminding us all of the richness we have in our memories. Thanks for reminding me of horses, sleighs and wagons, of warm fires and big friendly ovens where you dried the kindling and your socks. With our present day struggle with energy problems, ecology problems, trouble in the Third World, I needed your article.

*Tom DeWolfe
New Glasgow, N.S.*

Insight writer makes good (?) on Stacey's Country Jamboree

And explores the strange popularity in Atlantic Canada of a Maine TV show that cares enough to send the very worst

By Harry Flemming

We're just winding up our two-hour interview when I ask Dick Stacey if I may sing on his program. As sincerely and soberly as a born salesman can, he replies, "We just ask two things. You've got to be sincere, and you've got to be sober." Grinning, he adds, "But we don't mind if you have a little glow on." He mentions neither talent nor experience. Ninety minutes later—with one rum in me for courage and a Budweiser for lubrication—I am still well short of having a glow on, but I'm ready for my singing débüt on the only television show that would ever have me. That's *Stacey's Country Jamboree*.

I've been a fan of country and western music (as it was then known) since my boyhood in Truro, N.S. My favorite program in those pre-TV days was *The Outports* from CFCY Charlottetown, and my favorite performers were Gene Autry, Hank "The Yodelling Ranger" Snow, and Don Messer and his Islanders. In recent years I've grown fond of opera and the classics, but I've never lost my fondness for country music. Trying to explain my aberrant taste to an acquaintance, I once said, "The two greatest living tenors are Luciano Pavarotti and Roy Acuff—in no particular order."

It's now 3:35 p.m. and Charlie Tenan is calling me to the small platform that serves as the sound stage for the taping of *Stacey's Country Jamboree*. Outside it's a raw winter day, but here in the basement lounge of Dick Stacey's Plaza Motel in Brewer, Me., the television lights (or is it a delayed reaction to the rum?) have produced more than enough heat. The commercial break lasts only a minute so there's no time for chitchat. Rehearsal takes no more than 15 seconds. Charlie: "What are you going to sing?" Me: "Lonesome Whistle." Charlie: "How's it go?" Me: "I was ridin' No. 9, headin' south from Caroline..." Charlie: "OK, we've got it. We'll give you one note and you start."

I start too low and off key, but I get through the old Hank Williams number. Hearing me on television the following week, my wife says it all: "Well, you're bad enough to be on there." That makes me feel kind of good, one of the gang, if only fleetingly. It certainly gives me a better idea why *Stacey's Country Jamboree* is one of the most popular television programs in the Atlantic provinces, a Saturday night ritual for thousands of herring chokers, bluenosers, Islanders and Newfies, an institution that's done more to foster good international relations than all the hands-across-the-undefended-border rhetoric of all the politicians.

Precise ratings on the program are hard to come by, but proof of its appeal isn't. For four years the Stacey gang has been taking annual swings through the Maritimes. Their first appearance in Saint John drew 4,000 people and later they drew as many in Glace Bay. Moncton has seen the troupe five times. In Dartmouth, an audience screamed "We want Dick, we want Dick" until Stacey came on stage to spiel his un-



Flemming's wife said, "You're bad enough to be on there"

rehearsed commercials. Surely, it's a showbiz first when unbroadcast commercials are as popular as the singin' and pickin'. The group has also drawn big crowds in St. Stephen, Fredericton, Sussex, Truro, Windsor, Bridgewater, Westville and Sydney.

Charlie Tenan and Dick's brother Bill made a scouting trip to Newfoundland last fall, and arrangements are now being completed for the troupe's first Newfoundland trip. They're sure to be a smash. Although Newfoundlanders have been seeing the program for only two years, Charlie and Bill were recognized everywhere they went. What will the reception be when Dick and all the rest arrive on the scene? Explaining the appeal of *Stacey's Country Jamboree* isn't easy, but the music itself is part of the answer. Although the main stem of the country music plant grows out of Southern Appalachia, the roots go back to folk songs and fiddle tunes of the 17th and 18th century British Isles—the lands from which most people from both Maine and Atlantic Canada also sprang. And, despite the veneer Nashville has given to it in recent decades, good country music remains simple, sincere, unsophisticated, qualities most of us are proud to claim as our own.

Stacey's has those qualities in spades. Dick Stacey himself says, "It's so bad, it's good, but people watch it week after week." Long-time host Charlie Tenan agrees: "We don't care what people say about us. We do care whether they watch, for whatever reason." Certainly, people watch to laugh, with the same sort of sympathetic humor with which one watches a friend perform, bravely but badly, during a service-club amateur night. *Stacey's Country Jamboree* is like a pleasant *Gong Show*—without a gong. A Halifax critic couldn't decide if the show was "awfully fascinating" or "fascinatingly awful."

It's no accident that two of the most popular regulars are probably (how shall I put this?) the least technically accomplished. They are Clifford Pratt, a harmonica-playing, hymn-singing 73-year-old, and Jennie Shontell, a short,

stoutish lady who, as Stacey says, "is getting up in years."

Sometimes Clifford forgets the words to one of the 38 hymns in his repertoire. After 14 years on the show, however, he handles this situation with complete aplomb. Without a word or a smile from his saturnine face, he simply starts all over again. Today, in response to a request from Truro, he sings "The Old Rugged Cross." Jennie handles her gaffes with no less class than Clifford. She immediately runs afoul of "Help Me Make It Through the Night," one of the four songs she has more or less at her command. She's hardly launched on the opening line "Take the ribbons from your hair," when Charlie halts her. "Whoa, Jennie. You're halfway between the key of C and G." They start again. This time she's too high and can't reach "I don't care who's right or wrong." Undaunted, she abandons the Kristofferson song for "one I know"—her *pièce de résistance*, "On the Wings of a (Snow White) Dove." The audience loves it, and her.

A number of the other regulars didn't make it the day I sang. Guitarist-singer Harry Stockley, according to Dick, was still upset about a story on the show that appeared in *Maine*, a now-defunct magazine. "The story wasn't so bad," Stacey explains, "it was the headline that hurt." It read: "Captain Courageous and His Country Clowns." The fine line between laughing-with and laughing-at had been crossed.

Vern Robinson, a clam-digger from Addison, didn't make it either, for the very good reason that "a good tide was running." I'm just as happy he didn't show, considering how well he sings Hank Williams and how badly I mangled the song of the man *Country Music* magazine calls "the finest songwriter, one of the finest performers, and the most influential figure country music has ever produced." One regular was there but wasn't called to perform because of the time allotted to the renowned Jud Strunk of Eustis Ridge, Me. (of whom more later). He was Louis Berry of Hartland, Me., best known for his breathless rendition of "Geisha Girl." The nagging thought that I might have taken his spot prompted the promise that I would send him a copy of this article. I assured Louis there would be "no charge."

Which, of course, brings us to Dick Stacey, the self-described "handle on the piss-pot." He's too modest. Without singing a note, he's also the star of the show, the impresario, the inspiration, the owner, the key sponsor, the salesman and the press agent. He hires Charlie Tenan, the genial, 10-year mayor of Cherryfield (pop. 800), to run the show on the air, but in all other respects Stacey is The Boss.

He may just be the most instantly recognizable and most imitated man in northeastern North America. There's no mistaking his smiling moon face and his verbal trademarks: The aforementioned "no charge," delivered with the broadest possible New England "a"; "See these hands, they pump gas"; and his cheery signoff, "See ya!" Together, that face and those phrases have transformed an unhappy accountant into a happy, modestly wealthy celebrity.

It comes as a surprise to discover that Stacey, a graduate of Bangor's Husson College, spent the first 11 years of his working life as the treasurer of The Fuel Mart, a local heating-oil firm. Then, in 1970, anxious to work for himself and "to meet more people," he pumped his savings into a Chevron dealership. Within two years, the original Stacey's Fuel Mart had doubled its gallonage. His marketing genius soon became evident. Brewer had restrictions on signs so Dick moved a trailer in beside his service station. It's still there, with "Stacey's Fuel Mart" in big, red, perfectly legal letters on its side.

His next decision was more fateful. Unhappy with the format of his TV commercials, Dick decided to do them himself. "I thought I could do a better job, be a bit more sincere." Fame was getting closer. Taping one commercial, Dick said, "When you buy Atlas tires, we'll do your align-

ment free." Told by the station manager of WVII Bangor that the Federal Communications Commission frowned on use of the word "free," Stacey replied, "OK, let's say we'll do the alignment at *no charge*." It stuck. Next day, he says, "people came up to me and said, 'Hi, no charge.'"

At this time Stacey's advertising was on programs such as Red Sox baseball and Monday-night football. Asked to buy spots on something called *Frankenstein's Country Jamboree*, Dick said he'd only buy the entire program. WVII said he could have it for a year. Stacey counteroffered at 13 weeks. He expected, even hoped, to be turned down. But yes, the counteroffer was accepted. That was seven years ago and the rest, as they say, is history.

Within two weeks, he knew he'd made the right decision.



Two rules for singers: Be sincere, be sober (mostly)



Dick Stacey himself: "See these hands, they pump gas"

"We—me and the program—identified with the people of rural Maine. We seemed to symbolize it." He soon added service stations on "High Street in Ellsworth and Route 1 in Harrington." With the coming of cable to the Maritimes, he also found himself becoming famous in places he knew nothing about.

"Maritimers would come in to fill up with gas and ask for my autograph," he says. "But we were making maybe 50 cents profit on the deal. I spent two years trying to cultivate this *void* market. I tried franchising the program; the CBC and others turned it down." It's here that Stacey really lights up, even becomes lyrical. "There was the *answer*, right across the street, the green field we'd been looking for." It was a down-at-heels, 47-unit "overflow" motel named The Plaza. It was the deal of his life and changed the course of his business career. It was, as he says, a case of "preparation meeting opportunity."

Needing capital, he sold the Ellsworth station to "a

The Region

Maine millionaire" and promptly used his cheque to make a higher offer on the motel than the same millionaire had made. "I could have worn a size-10 hat that day," he says. In the nearly four years he's owned it, business at Dick Stacey's Plaza Motel has doubled, "thanks mainly to Atlantic Canada." Other Brewer and Bangor motels handle the overflow trade.

Dick can "pick out the Maritimers immediately. They're great people—we call 'em Jamboree-ers. The other day a woman from down there came up to me

and said, 'Dick, I pinched my ass on the toilet seat—just like at home.'" A lot of Maritimers find it just like home at Dick's motels (18 months ago he bought the 67-unit Stacey's Calais Motor Inn which also grosses over \$1 million). I was hardly in the door of The Plaza when I met an old friend from Halifax, Reg Dockrill. He, his wife and son were staying there because they had heard it advertised on the *Jamboree*. That afternoon, during the taping, I met three women from Amherst, N.S., Shirley Wheaton, her mother, Eliza McDonald,

and Sadie Cormier. They had driven down specially to see the show. They had made the same trip three months earlier but were turned away at the studio door.

It was the growing numbers of irate Maritimers unable to get into WVII's small studio that inspired Dick to move the program into the more spacious Plaza lounge and tape it for broadcast the following week. It was also good business; during the three hours of taping, the bar never closes.

The shift from studio to lounge and from live shows to tape is forcing other changes. Although Charlie Tenan remains the only paid performer, production costs have more than tripled since Dick took the program over seven years ago, and now exceed \$30,000 a year. The show itself loses "a bit of money" but then there are those lounge, motel and gas benefits. For 13 years, while the program was live, there was no need for a format. Charlie simply said, "Who's next?" He never knew for sure who was going to appear. Now, says Dick, "We need a format. We've got to know who's going to be there."

It's meant that Stacey now spends as much time on *Jamboree* business as he does on his two motels and his remaining gas station. He's planning to have his brother Bill take over more of the *Jamboree* chores to free more time for his "hacker's" golf, his pretty blond wife, Sue, and their six children, who range in age from 6 to 21. The Staceys live on a 15-acre farm seven miles from Brewer, together with 14 chickens, two horses and two dogs.

I noticed another vaguely disquieting change in *Stacey's Country Jamboree*—a hint of creeping professionalism. Donnie Nickerson and his brother Duane joined the show as amateurs, but have since formed a professional country band. They still appear on the *Jamboree* for the publicity. And the day I strutted my stuff, another professional group, Randy Rose and the R&R Crossing, was on the program. They were doing a gig at the lounge that night as well.

But the real pro was Jud Strunk, a Pete Seeger-type country-folk singer who has at least one million-sale record to his credit ("A Daisy a Day"). His appearance was a contra deal: He performed for an hour at "no charge" in return for time to push his book, *Bury Me on the Wind*. Too much of such slickness could spoil *Stacey's Country Jamboree*. What Dick says about his own commercials is just as true of the program: "If I get too good, I'm in trouble." By Golly!



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Eagles - Commodores - Bob Dylan - Supertramp - N
Young - Dionne Warwick - Herb Alpert - Jimmy Bu
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What ever happened to Joey Ed, Bill, Don and big Frank?

In the beginning, there was Joey Smallwood, head of the government for 23 years. After him, came a string of other Liberal leaders, all in opposition—Ed Roberts, Bill Rowe, Don Jamieson—and two Tory premiers, Frank Moores and, right now, Brian Peckford. While Peckford masterminds his cod war and his oil policy, Newfoundland's former political leaders have their own fish to fry. Some are writing, others are in business. Jamieson, in early 1980, still led his party. Some are slightly bitter about the past, others see it with relaxed geniality. Few are indifferent to politics, and a couple cherish the idea that some day they'll be back. At the turn of the decade, Susan Sherk interviewed them all for Atlantic Insight. Her report follows:

Leaning back in his lazy-boy chair, **Joseph R. Smallwood**, 79, peers over a stack of books and lists groups he spoke to last year: "Seventy-five universities and schools, 70 chambers of commerce, 10 church groups, 25 industrial groups and 120 media events. I reached 12 million Canadians and travelled 161,000 miles." Then, he lists the number of books he's written (19) and, without stopping for breath, describes his latest project. It's an encyclopedia of Newfoundland. He's got seven researchers working on it full-

time. When he's through in three years, he'll have three volumes filled with 2,100 pages, 20,000 topics, two million words and more than 2,000 illustrations. No fear about Smallwood's slowing down.

He works around the clock. Every Monday morning, he drives from his home on Roache's Line into his combined office and living quarters in St. John's. He spends his days reading, writing, dictating, listing, taking a short afternoon snooze. When the office staff leaves, he gets a bite in the kitchen, goes back to work. Nights are catnaps, a few hours at a time. By Friday afternoon he's on his way back to Roache's Line, arms full of books and papers. It's an hour's drive. He works at home all weekend. "I'm unhappy, bored and restless when I'm not working," he says. "Reading, writing and researching are my only loves, except for travel."

Smallwood still keeps an eye on politics. "The day-to-day stuff doesn't interest me, but I am very much interested in the great basic question of Canada. I've always been a political animal and politics has always meant changing, improving and expanding the direction of things. If it doesn't do that, then it's a sheer waste of time."

"I am two years older, five pounds heavier, a little less frantic and a little more at home in my own skin," says **Ed**

Roberts, 39. "I am also wiser." He is also minus a wife. The Robertses separated soon after he stepped down as Liberal leader. Roberts was Smallwood's anointed successor as head of Newfoundland's Liberals, but he never governed. Chosen leader in '72, he lost to Bill Rowe in '77. The defeat still hurts. But, "It's a good thing to lose. You end up dealing with your own soul."

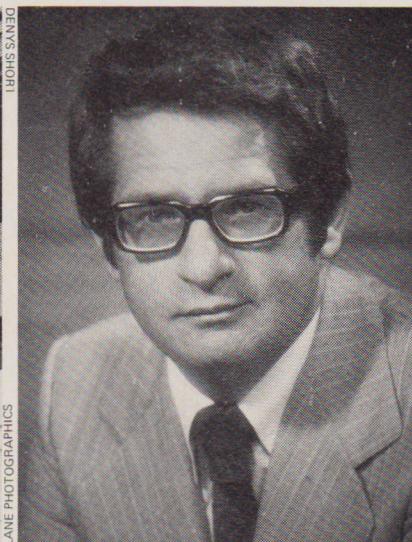
Roberts's soul is soaked in politics. His talk inevitably returns to politics and, more often than not, his own political future. "I'm in better shape than I've ever been," he says. "I'm more of a significant force than ever before." If that sounds like a man who'd jump at the chance to lead the provincial Liberals again, it probably is. When he lost the leadership, rumors flew that he would go to the Senate. But he's too young and too ambitious for that. "If it had been offered to me," he states, "it would have taken me three seconds to say no." Losing the leadership, however, halved his income. His banker suggested it was time to put his law degree to work. Roberts likes corporation law, but politics remains his first love.

He has specific political goals: To take care of White Bay North, the provincial constituency he's represented since 1966; to see that Newfoundland gets an election expenses act and maintains perspective in the face of an oil boom. He'd also like to help the Liberal party establish a firm identity. And would he like to help more specifically in ensuring the last? You can bet on it.

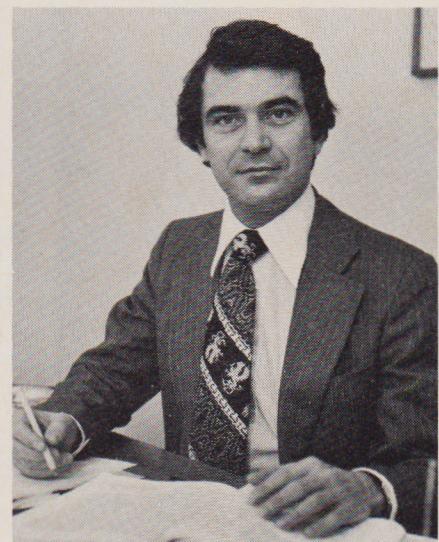
Bill Rowe, 37, comes down from his third-floor study with reluctance. Since he resigned last summer as Liberal



Smallwood still works round the clock

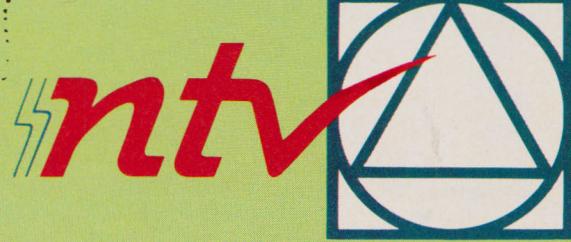


Roberts: Soul soaked in politics



Rowe: "People have short memories"

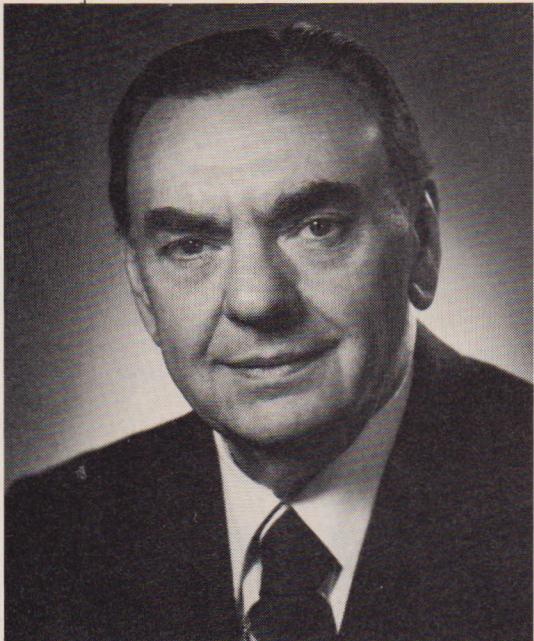
Living in Newfoundland



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opposition leader, he's been working on a novel. When he does talk, his mind seems elsewhere. Newfoundland was bound for a provincial election last summer when Rowe came under attack for leaking confidential information to the press. The Liberals felt he might lose them the election. He resigned graciously to allow Don Jamieson to take the leadership, but the suspicion remains that he was pushed. He'd been thinking about a novel for several years, and his resignation seemed a good time to get down to it.



Jamieson: He'd rather be in Nfld.

Rowe won't say if it's a political novel but allows his political experience did give him background to make his characters come alive. "I've seen political animals in operation," he says. "I've seen them under stress and strain. I've seen how they fold, strive and thrive. I can almost project how people will react in other situations."

He still represents Twillingate in the assembly and doesn't rule out another crack at the leadership. "People have short memories," he says. "Ten years ago people thought Ted Kennedy was finished." But, unlike Smallwood and Roberts, Rowe is not really a political animal: "I could leave it tomorrow and not feel any great void."

He doesn't know if he'll make it as a writer. If he doesn't, his future probably holds some combination of law and politics. Although he jokes about being a Renaissance man, Rowe is truly literate, and interested in everything from theatre to sports. He thinks that's vital to good leadership, "Not for the day-to-day running of a country or a province, but for those one or two decisions when a person has to fall back on his own resources. He then should be able to draw on a vast knowledge of literature, history and culture."

"The decision to return to Newfoundland was made after the Liberals had been defeated in Ottawa," says **Don Jamieson**, former federal cabinet minister. "The choice was between being in opposition in Ottawa or being premier. Newfoundland was preferable. But I lost. And, in fact, I'd rather be in opposition in Newfoundland than in Ottawa."

Jamieson, 59, came home last summer to lead the provincial Liberals in what they hoped would be a successful campaign against Brian Peckford's Tories. The fact that he failed bothers him less than you might think. Nor does he miss the tensions of federal politics. "I never enjoyed the Ottawa cocktail circuit and I'm not that much of a traveller," he says. "My constituency has always been a rural one. I dealt with water and sewerage in Ottawa and I'll deal with it here."

Jamieson was in Ottawa more than 13 years. Meanwhile, Newfoundland changed, and the changes bother him. "There have been all kinds of conferences on oil and gas," he says, "but we haven't had any real discussion on what this does to the Newfoundland lifestyle." He worries that rising Newfoundland nationalism is neither genuine nor constructive: "I detect a pseudo-culture. Newfoundland is not really the Newfoundland I know."



Moores: His limit was ten years

He hopes to bring statesmanship to the provincial assembly and direction to the Liberals. But will he really remain head of the party? He dodges the question, explaining he's more interested in the party as a whole than in who's running it. He's writing short stories and essays, and recently released an album of his Christmas stories. He's thought about writing his memoirs but, right now, he just hasn't the time.

Frank Moores, 46, greets you as if you were the only person in the world. He looks you in the eye and, with a voice that suggests hot toddies and glowing fireplaces, asks how you've been. His St. John's office looks like a living room—all blue, gold and shiny mahogany. He sips coffee and says he hasn't had a drink in three months. Just part of his effort to lose weight.

"Ten years ago I said 10 years of political life was my limit," Moores says. "No one believed me. I wanted to get out before it was too late to get back into private business." He has no regrets and misses nothing.

When he quit last winter he planned to take a year off. But he soon got edgy and bored. With former Tory Finance minister Bill Doody and former Rural Development minister John Lundrigan, he set up Torgat Investments. It's a consulting firm that helps Canadian companies find their way through government red tape.

Moores is the front man, the charmer who talks to oil and fish companies to convince them Torgat's good for them. Lundrigan's the investment man. Soon they'll hire researchers to handle the detail work that Moores admits he doesn't do well. He travels a lot, and he answers mail from people who still think he can help them with their water and sewer problems.

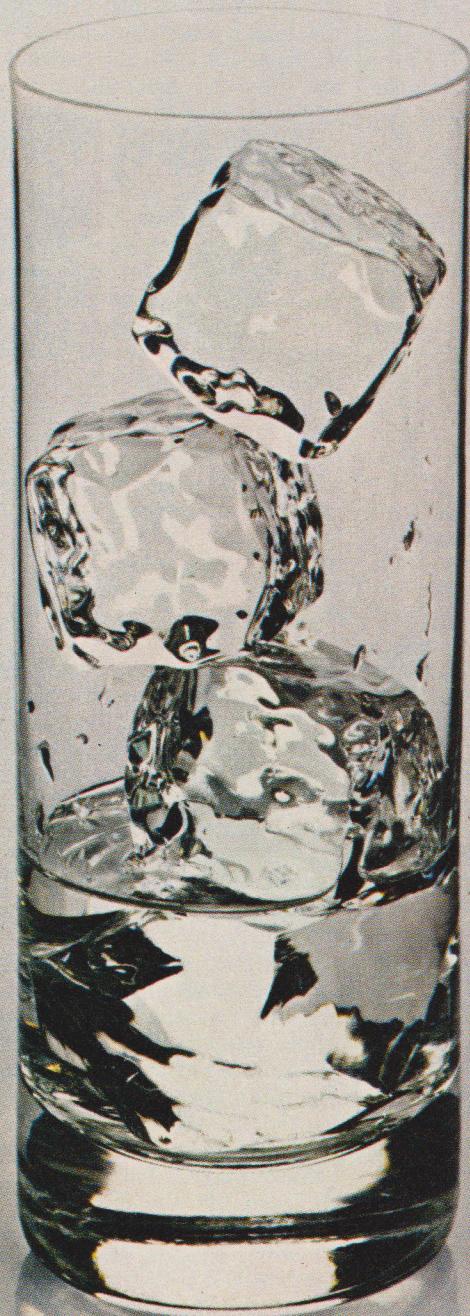
Like Roberts, Moores separated from his wife (his second) shortly after resigning the leadership of his party. He has eight children who often visit him. He's been approached about his memoirs and, though he hasn't the patience for writing, he's been compiling notes about amusing incidents during his years as premier.

Moores won't return to politics. Not ever. His current aim is to cash in on oil and gas opportunities heading Newfoundland's way, "to earn enough money to make my family and myself comfortable, and to do the things that I like to do." He also plans to read. ("It's a little known fact that I read.") And he's enjoying the knowledge that because he's no longer in politics he will never again have to explain himself publicly.

— Susan Sherk

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New Brunswick

Don't call Harold Manuel a Commie. He'll sue you

He's president of the Maritime Fishermen's Union, and he's not keen on being called "a second Hitler," either

The Canadian Labor Congress did not see anything fishy about a hearing on a herring issue but Harley Harrison, manager of the Moncton Union Centre, saw it as a dangerous Red hearing. For Harold Manuel, president of the Maritime Fishermen's Union, it soon became a damaging red herring. Can you bear another metaphor? Harrison hung Manuel out to dry but Manuel thinks it's Harrison who's in the real pickle. Enough.

Some background: Inshore fishermen, mostly on N.B.'s eastern shore, formed the Maritime Fishermen's Union three years ago. They wanted certification as a collective bargaining unit to

negotiate price with fish plants. Under Manuel, 50, of Baie Ste. Anne, the movement spread to N.S. and P.E.I. Denied certification because fishermen are not employees of a company, the union has at least succeeded in getting all three governments to consider new legislation. But if dealing with economic questions so complex they'd give an Einstein a headache weren't enough for Manuel, who quit school in Grade 9, he must now deal with what he calls a classic "red herring." In an upcoming defamation suit, Manuel will tell a judge, "I am not now nor have I ever been a Communist."

The MFU has already jostled with big multinational companies but the accusation of communism came from none of them. Bill Moffatt, president of the New Brunswick Fish Packers' Association (a group of firms handling 80% of the fish processed in N.B.) won't even speculate on the charge that Communists run the MFU. "Most of what they say," he warily explains "appears only in *L'Evangeline* [the Moncton daily], and I can't read French."

No, the defendant is no bloated fish capitalist but another labor leader. It was Harley Harrison who stated before reporters last Sept. 25 that "Harold Manuel is an avowed Communist," and Harrison has been president of the Moncton Hospital local of the Canadian Union of Public Employees several times. His charge troubled the N.B. labor movement but, now, the CLC, the N.B. Federation of Labor and the Moncton Labor Council all appear to be siding with Manuel. Does Harrison regret calling Manuel a Communist? "No, sir," he said. "It's not any different than calling him a Conservative."

Harrison runs the Moncton Union Centre, and the trouble began when he barred the MFU from holding a press conference there. Manuel was in N.S. at the time and, to complicate matters, the man who booked the room was Gilles Thériault, 30, a non-elected liaison officer with the MFU who says that he himself is a Communist. The MFU called the press conference to explain

its side of a confrontation between inshore and offshore fishermen that had occurred two days before in Caraquet. The faceoff had come about because the inshore fishermen blamed their poor herring catch on the "nearshore" fishermen, with seiners or trawlers up to 100 feet long. When the nearshore fleet came in, inshore fishermen refused to let the seiners unload. They demanded the seiner season be moved back two weeks (away from the spawning season) and that the government increase the minimum legal size of seiner nets from 25 fathoms to 50, to keep the seiners farther offshore.

The scene at Caraquet got so nasty the RCMP waded into the crowds with tear gas and after that, Thériault says, the MFU decided to air the issues at the Moncton union hall. When he and three other MFU officers arrived a few minutes late, he recalls, reporters told them, "The manager said you're a Communist union and they're not going to allow any Communist unions in the building." Then, Thériault says, "The manager [Harrison] came down....He said, 'We're not going to let you in. We know that your president, Harold Manuel, is an avowed Communist. If you want a press conference, have it in the parking lot.'"

Manuel says the accusation hurt him personally and hampered the MFU's organizing drive, particularly in P.E.I. "I've had threatening calls," he says. One caller, with an unusual perspective on history, said Manuel was "a second Hitler." When something's a lie, Manuel says, "I just laugh at it." He doesn't know Harrison. As for communism, "I have never given it a thought."

Harrison says he has a good record of supporting unions but objects to Manuel's "associations." He says, "Their whole setup is pretty hard to fathom. We don't want anything to do with it. The meeting was booked by people who are not on the executive of the MFU and who are supporters of the Marxist-Leninist party." The CLC has given the MFU \$45,000 for its drives in N.S. and P.E.I., and its regional organization director, Allister MacLeod, says, "I have worked with the elected executive of the MFU for three years, and I have not met one member who in any way supports the Communist party." Whatever the outcome of Manuel's suit, the controversy currently overshadows the most important question of the Eighties for the MFU: Will Maritime governments grant it the right to bargain collectively?

—Jon Everett

PHOTOGRAPH BY



On communism: "I never gave it a thought"



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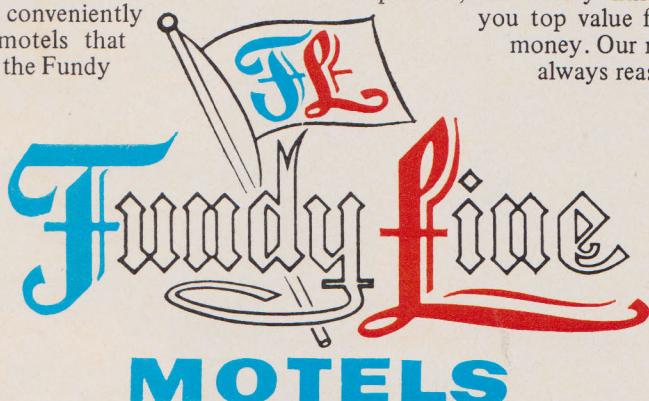
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Prince Edward Island

Inshore fishermen get clout at last

Part of it is an ex-CBC announcer named Allan Billard

After decades as outcasts in a beef-eating nation, east-coast fishermen now find their product is in demand, and the Eastern Fishermen's Federation wants to make sure their voice is heard round the world. "We are coming of age," Allan Billard says, "and we have the money to do it." He's the blond, bearded, 30-year-old marine biologist who recently left CBC Charlottetown to become executive director of the federation. It may well be the first organization with the clout to speak for all the inshore fishermen of the Maritimes. (Its headquarters are in Charlottetown but may soon move to Halifax.)

The federation is itself a product of the new prosperity. Last winter, six groups of inshore fishermen applied to Roméo LeBlanc, then the federal Fisheries minister, to get control of the suddenly valuable squid quota. The six were the Nova Scotia, P.E.I., Eastern Shore, Northeast (N.B.), and Fundy Weir fishermen's associations, and the

Maritime Fishermen's Union. LeBlanc took one look at this gaggle of groups and, in effect, told them to sort out the quota among themselves.

They did, and they sold the rights to Maritime squid to the Japanese market for \$1.1 million. Instead of squabbling over the bonanza, they deposited it in the Dartmouth Credit Union and, with the interest, set up the federation. It should give inshore fishermen the strongest voice they've ever had in Ottawa, provincial capitals and overseas.

Though the federation has funds to hire researchers and consultants, Billard and a secretary are its only staff. His main job is to co-ordinate members' views to prepare a united front in Ottawa, but he must also arrange internal discussions to settle disputes over such matters as herring catches. The federation has recently accepted as members the Saint John Commercial Fishermen's Association, the Cape Breton Fishermen's Association, the Herring Marketing Co-op, the P.E.I.

Moss Co-op and the United Maritime Fisheries. But it doesn't regard the unions of trawlers and processing workers as truly independent, and therefore keeps its distance from them.

It has links with inshore fishermen in the Magdalen Islands and Newfoundland and Labrador, but has no intention of competing with the Newfoundland Fishermen and Allied Workers. With regard to Richard Cashin, fiery founder of the NFAW, Billard says, "We want to be the Cashin of the Maritimes, but we don't want to step on his toes."

Billard sees James McGrath, the current federal Fisheries minister, as the prime enemy of inshore fishermen. For the infant federation, McGrath's decision to allow big trawlers into the Gulf of St. Lawrence was a heaven-sent issue. "We couldn't have asked for a better issue than Gulf cod," Billard says. "We went to Montreal and Ottawa and for the first time, we spoke with one voice."

Billard has a unique background, in fisheries and the media. Descendant of four generations of fishermen, he graduated in marine biology at Dalhousie University in 1970. He then worked on a trout farm in Nova Scotia, took further courses at the Université de Moncton, learned French. He joined the New Brunswick Fisheries Ministry station at Buctouche as a biologist but lost the job when he publicly denounced Roméo LeBlanc as "impotent." (When he considers McGrath, he says, he regrets insulting LeBlanc.)

He joined CBC Charlottetown as announcer and host of the regional fisheries program but a second career—as actor, writer, producer-manager of a revived summer theatre in Georgetown, P.E.I.—eventually caused friction at the CBC. This helped him decide to quit when the federation job opened up.

He sees the European market as an opportunity for Atlantic fishermen, but warns, "We are landing second-quality fish....It's been too easy for us to sell fish as either the poor man's food or a gourmet dish. Now we have to sell to the middle class." The federation has already told Maritime fish processors, "We're not landing good enough quality, and you're not selling good enough quality. Let's get together to make a change." Given the strength of the federation, this appeal could be the start of a revolution in Maritime marine marketing.

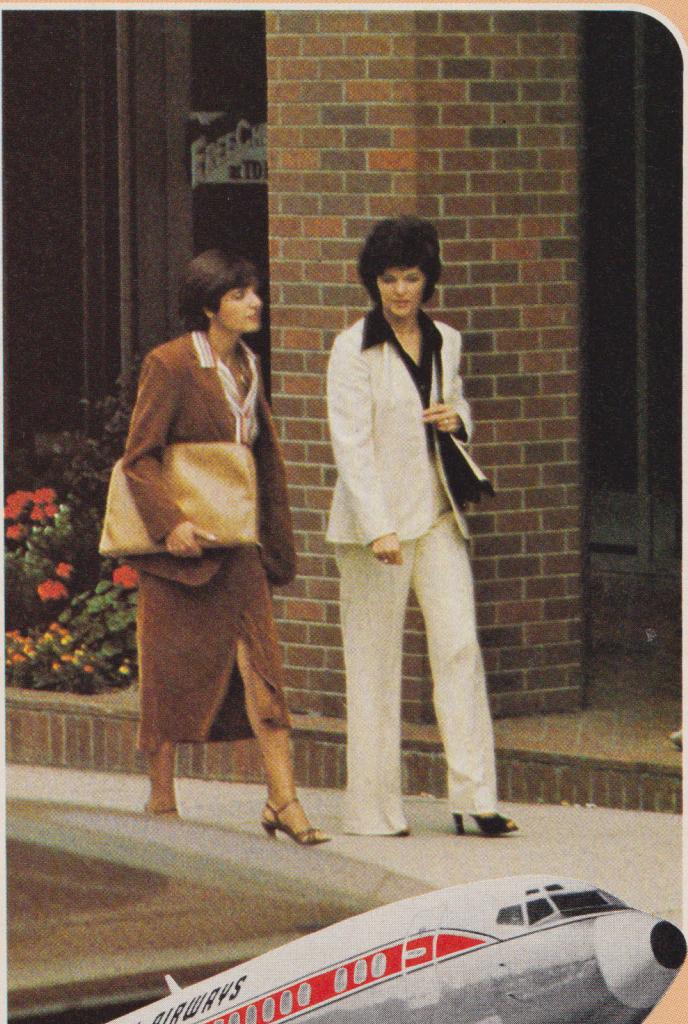
— Kennedy Wells



Billard called federal Fisheries minister "impotent"

RICHARD FURLONG

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Cape Breton's day comes round again

Thanks to coal. That's the way it's always been

When Iran halted crude oil shipments to U.S. firms last fall, and it looked as though the Gulf Oil refinery at Point Tupper might not be able to supply the Nova Scotia Power Corporation with fuel, Nova Scotia officials were quick to think of Cape Breton coal. Energy Minister Ron Barkhouse spoke of a crash strip-mining program, and Power Corporation President Lesmere F. Kirkpatrick said the utility could do without the usual production from its 220-megawatt, oil-fired plant at Point Tupper, thanks to the installation of two coal-fired generators at Lingan.

Cape Bretoners have long answered mainland grumbling about massive subsidies to the island's coal and steel industries by pointing out that Cape Breton is the province's industrial base. If large subsidies are needed to tide it over a period of decline, the argument goes, this is a small price to pay for the decades that Cape Breton carried the

drive two 10-by-13-foot tunnels from Donkin out under the Atlantic Ocean. Eighteen months and 7,000 feet later, they'll strike what is probably the richest block of coal in eastern Canada. Estimates of the economically recoverable reserves lying off Donkin range from 660 million to a billion tons, enough to keep a large mine operating for 130 years.

The new mine will be expensive: Two hundred and twenty-one million in 1978 dollars, with inflation expected to add another \$111 million. That investment should enable Donkin to produce two million tons of coal per year by 1986, more than the Cape Breton Development Corporation's current top producer, Lingan Colliery. But provincial planners speak wistfully of producing 3.5 million tons per year at Donkin by the early 1990s, a goal that will require a staggering \$788 million to reach.

The frenzied planning doesn't stop there. By June, Devco hopes to have

Inverness. His ruggedness and colloquial manner suggest he's uncomfortable in his three-piece suits. Rankin harbors few illusions about the difficulty of pulling off an industrial renaissance in Cape Breton's rickety economy. "Let's say we create 1,150 jobs at Donkin," he said recently. "That'll cut down our list of applicants from 4,000 to 3,000. It won't eliminate unemployment."

Rankin must convince Ottawa that Devco can manage the massive investment of federal money required to carry out the expansion Buchanan demands. That means reversing Devco's indifferent record of the 1970s. To that end, Rankin has shaken up the coal division, firing Vice-President John Bardwick, among others. He'll be replaced by Douglas Shield, the British coal expert who investigated the disaster that killed 12 men at No. 26 Colliery a year ago. Ironically, the most violent reaction to the management changes has come from Bill Marsh, United Mine Workers District 26 president, who, to put it mildly, is unhappy about Rankin's presidency. A Devco source says, "Bill's problem is that he no longer has anyone [in management] he can go to with a list saying, 'Take care of Eddie, look after Joe.'"

Devco's other big task will be to make sure the rest of Cape Breton's economy benefits from the mining expansion. Manufacturers are being urged to gear up for production of everything from hydraulic and electrical components of mining equipment to conveyor belts, pit props, and miners' clothing.

Coal may well rejuvenate Cape Breton's economy, but its impact on power rates is still not clear. When the second coal-fired unit at Lingan goes into production in July, the share of Nova Scotia's electricity that oil generates will have dropped from 68% to 40%. But no matter how quickly new coal reserves are developed, oil's share will rise again and, until at least 1983, will keep on rising. It will take that long to get new coal-burning power plants into production and, in the meantime, heavier use of oil-fired plants is the only way Nova Scotia can meet increasing power demands. The situation could be getting serious just about the time the next provincial election comes around. If Buchanan isn't worried about that, he ought to be.

—Parker Barss Donham



Devco President Steve Rankin (centre) will oversee expansion

rest of the province.

Now, Cape Breton's role in the provincial economy may at last be coming full circle. While politicians speak longingly of Fundy tidal power and a natural-gas pipeline, the only immediate relief from astronomically priced foreign oil is coal; and 95% of Nova Scotia's recoverable coal lies in the Sydney field. Scarcely a decade after federal planners wrote the obituary of the Cape Breton coal industry, the Buchanan government is turning to that very industry for salvation from worsening energy problems.

The centrepiece of the coal strategy is a new mine at Donkin, a tiny, hitherto sleepy village on the outskirts of Glace Bay. Miners will soon begin to

Prince Mine back in production after a two-year hiatus (to overcome unsafe roof and floor conditions). By 1983, Prince should be producing more than a million tons per year. The province also wants strip mining increased to 500,000 tons per year, with the option of doubling that in an emergency. It wants Lingan Colliery expanded and the antique No. 26 Colliery rehabilitated. There's even talk of opening a fifth Cape Breton mine. If all these dreams come true, Cape Breton could be producing eight million tons of coal per year by the end of the Eighties, up from 2.3 million tons this year.

The man who will oversee much of this expansion is Devco President Steve Rankin, 42, a native of Sights Point, near



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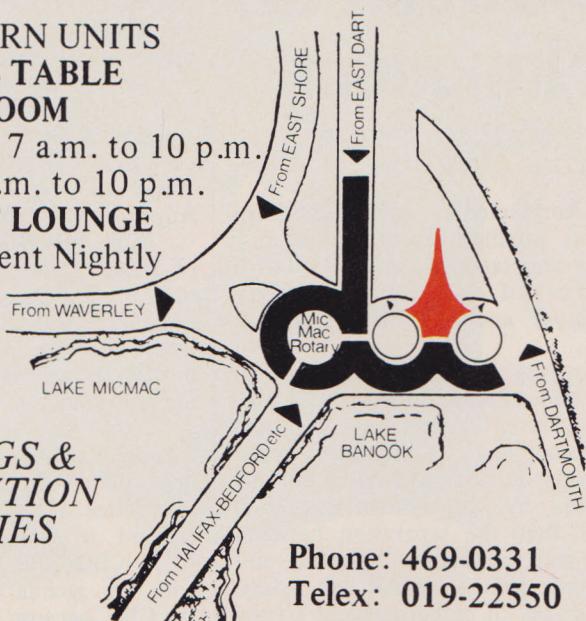
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Secrets (but not Top Secrets) of cabinet's paper kingdom

If you'd be a big bureaucrat, guard your copy

No matter who forms the government in this zaniest of all political winters, one thing's for sure: The very process of cabinet consultation will forever be kept secret. One such process is the "Guidance Manual for the Preparation and Handling of Cabinet Papers." The Privy Council Office distributes the manual but, of course, for official use only. Now, for the first time, we reveal to the public extracts from the 102 pages and 13 appendices of this gripping document.

Objectives of the "Cabinet Paper System" (honest, that's what it's called) are set out thusly: "To facilitate cabinet consideration of issues... to facilitate co-ordination... to provide for the control and monitoring of the distribution of cabinet papers, and the identification of responsibility for breaches of security." Right away, you get a whiff of terror. Look after your copy, buster, or you're for the gibbet.

The cabinet papers section of the Privy Council Office registers each cabinet memorandum, gives it an identifying serial number and prints the required number of copies on color-coded paper. The manual continues: "Each copy will be numbered and the subsequent circulation will be covered by transmittal and receipt forms, with a detailed record being kept of the distribution of the document and its ultimate disposition." For records of cabinet decisions: "Individual copies will be numbered so that their whereabouts and the access to them may be precisely determined." Not only that, a computer system "provides for the display at any time of the location or disposition of all copies of any cabinet document."

It sounds as though just looking after cabinet documents is more work than writing them. The war on leakage must never slacken: "The Privy Council Office has instituted periodic, thorough audits of systems in [all government]

offices, conducted by staff of the security and intelligence and emergency planning secretariat in conjunction with the office of the deputy secretary (operations) and the cabinet papers section....

"Copying or transcribing of all color-coded cabinet documents is prohibited.... Prevention of leaks resulting from the copying of draft papers under preparation in departments cannot be guaranteed by this system but it is believed that the separation between drafts and discussion papers and memoranda to the cabinet will reduce the instances of embarrassment to the government by removing the aura of authenticity formerly possessed by leaked draft cabinet memoranda." Whew!



Discussion papers are usually classified "Confidential," sometimes "Secret" and occasionally "Top Secret" or "For Minister's Eyes Only." A memorandum to cabinet, no matter how harmless or boring, requires at least a "Secret" classification. "Restricted" is for everything that doesn't already have a security classification and in the civil service, flouting "Top Secret" or "Restricted" will get you into equal trouble. Memoranda to cabinet are apparently forever secret. They "will not be declassified."

But now we get to the nitty-gritty: "Discussion papers are to be typed, single-space, on 8 1/2" x 14" paper,

using both sides of the pages, English and French texts facing, French on the left, English on the right. Pages are to be numbered consecutively beginning with the cover pages. Allowance is to be made for left, right, top and bottom margins of 1 1/2 inches each. Pages are to be stitched together at the upper left corner and four hole side punched. See Appendix B for specifications."

Appendix B is a drawing of a sheet of paper showing the proper 1 1/2-inch margins. The punch holes are 3 1/2 inches apart. The top punch hole is 1 3/4 inches from the top of the page and the bottom punch hole is of course, 1 3/4 inches from the bottom.

Now we come to abbreviations. Example: AG is agenda and AH is ad hoc, so that the agenda of the ad hoc committee of the cabinet on the development of British Columbia coal is AGAHBC. This is not to be confused with the agenda of any committee on the CBC, because the CBC comes under AGCNA, the agenda of the cultural and native affairs committee. All the abbreviated forms are the same for English and French, which would be a subject for investigation by the official languages commissioner except that they are secret and therefore not seen by the official languages commissioner.

Among instructions for drafters of memoranda to cabinet is this: "The development of the considerations should lead to a conclusion. The conclusion should not be confused with the recommendation. The conclusion states what, in the minister's view, needs to be done; the recommendation suggests or states

what is to be done and how it is to be done."

Well, there you are, at the very heart of government.

Just let me measure my margins again and check the punch holes for proper positioning. And hand me that Top Secret stamp. The English one, not the French one, please. The official French translation of Top Secret is *Très Secret* and being just very secret is not good enough for this column.

— The Fat City Phantom

The Fat City Phantom is privy to inside government information. Atlantic Insight prefers to keep it that way.



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Cover Story

He was an unpopular premier and, even now, strikes some as brash, bull-headed, arrogant. Also, brilliant. No university president in Canada has kept his job longer and, when he finally steps down, he'll still be the inimitable

Henry Hicks, senator

By Stephen Kimber

Henry Davies Hicks, 15th premier of Nova Scotia and seventh president of Dalhousie University, is closing in on his 65th birthday and—though he may still be the senator from the Annapolis Valley 10 years from now—both friends and foes are using his coming retirement from the university as an excuse to assess his brilliant, flawed career. Its significance has been more than provincial. Sister Catherine Wallace, chairman of the Maritime Provinces Higher Education Commission, says, "Henry Hicks's contribution to higher education has been unlike anyone else's in the region."

Hicks has already packed two high-profile careers into his life: A brief interlude as a politician in the period that bridges the gap between the eras of Angus L. Macdonald and Robert Stanfield, perhaps the most revered bluenose premiers of this century; and an academic season that began before the Beatles had a hit, survived the campus upheavals of the Sixties, prospered through the careerist Seventies, and is about to conclude in the dawning of the Eighties. No current Canadian university president has held his post longer.

Sister Catherine Wallace says, "He has been much more than an academic, and his peers recognize him as a creative person, a man who brought to academics insights that are much more than academic. He's also very aware of the situation with government, and he knows the people and the region very well. Even today, he's using his position as a senator to make people aware of issues in education. His contributions have been very rich, very variegated."

The irony is that, if Hicks had had his own choice 20 years ago, he'd never have ended up at a university at all.

On a crisp fall day in September, 1960, Henry Hicks was at his downtown Halifax office sorting through the *memorabilia* of his dead political career and trying to come to grips with what to do with the next 20 years of his life. After 15 years in the hurly-burly of Nova Scotia politics, all Hicks had to show for his brilliance, his dedication to the Liberal party, and his own outsized ego was the defeat in 1956 of the only

government he'd ever led and the even more humiliating embarrassment of his own personal defeat as a member of the legislature four years later. He was 45 years old and, thanks to the political life, \$30,000 in debt.

Henry Hicks had prospects, of course. Dalhousie University's board of governors was wooing him as the university's next dean of arts and science. The offer carried with it the promise that he would become Dal's vice-president within a year, and the implied—but unspoken—suggestion that he might just get the university's top job three years later. But the appointment would also have its drawbacks. For one

thing, even with a generous academic salary, Hicks would have no hope of quickly erasing his debts. And, for another, he likely wouldn't be able to use his university position as a springboard to achieve his still cherished ambition to become a federal MP.

Hicks was also weighing a more immediately attractive offer to join a Halifax law firm. Such a well-paying and high-profile position would mean not only that he could get his personal finances in order in a hurry but also that, after a few years of successful lawyering to wipe away the stain of defeat, he might still be able to make a triumphant political return.

Hicks was trying to figure out what to do when three of Dalhousie's most respected academics—James Aitchison, John Graham and James Doull—arrived to suggest what he should not do. The university faculty, they told him, was "seething" at the nature of his impending appointment.

"It seemed to many in the faculty," one of them remembers, "that he was being parachuted in because of his defeat

and people were appalled at the prospect of the university becoming a dumping ground for failed politicians. C.D. Howe [a former federal Liberal cabinet minister] was the chancellor of the university and it seemed as if Howe had said, "Well, Henry needs a job. What can we give him?" The three professors also delicately suggested that, despite his sparkling career as a student and his stint as Nova Scotia's minister of Education, he was not, after all, a *serious* academic. "The faculty felt that the dean should be someone with academic experience."

The conversation was genteel and genial (Aitchison ultimately even helped smooth the way for Hicks's arrival



He has an "outsized ego," matched by ability...

by speaking on his behalf at a faculty meeting), but the message that afternoon was as clear as a cloudless sky—Henry Hicks would not be welcomed at Dalhousie. Henry Hicks got the message.

He also took the job.

The decision was pure Hicks. He has always marched to the insistent beat of his own cantankerous drummer. His decision to run for the leadership of the provincial Liberals in 1954 came after his own supporters had concluded he would not win. As premier, he rejected the advice of older and politically wiser colleagues and pressed ahead with sweeping educational reforms that hastened the defeat of his government.

The years haven't mellowed him. Today, less than a year away from retirement as the president of Dalhousie, he sometimes surprises and exasperates even his staunchest supporters. After 20 years at Dalhousie his greatest regret is that he once allowed "a few nice guys" to persuade him to hold a public meeting to explain the university's plan to build a new athletic complex. "My own instinct was to go straight ahead with it and I was right," Hicks says now. "All we did was alert a small group so that they could organize against us. If we'd just gone ahead, the complex would have been completed three years earlier. It would have cost us three or four million dollars less than it did."

"Oh, God," a Dalhousie academic moaned. "His greatest regret? Did he *really* say that?"

He did. But Hicks doesn't play favorites when doling out his often outrageous *bons mots*. Once, he sent Nova Scotia Liberal politicians running for their Rolaids when he suggested publicly that the province would be better off if the financially troubled Sydney Steel plant was shut down for good. Hicks, of course, is also a Liberal senator from Nova Scotia. "We try not to think of him as one of ours," a Cape Breton Liberal mutters.

The truth is, Henry Hicks isn't one of anyone's. He's a former Liberal premier and now a Liberal senator but he admits that, if he hadn't won his first election in 1945, he'd be a "switch voter." He's a university president who presided over and encouraged the most dramatic expansion of student enrolment in Dalhousie's history, but he can argue with equal conviction that the whole thing has got out of hand. "I really believe," he says, "that a good plumber or machinist is a more valuable member of society than a poor lawyer and will probably be a happier member of society as well."

He can be, by turns, arrogant and self-effacing, aggressive and conciliatory, pompous and earthy, irascible and lovable. Sometimes, he can be all of them at the same time. He is Henry Hicks, and he is one of a kind.

"Come in, come in," he says, leading the way into his big office in Dalhousie's Arts and Administration Building. Dressed in Wallaby shoes, white socks and a rumpled grey suit that's speckled with food stains, Hicks looks more like a caricature of an absent-minded professor than the president of Atlantic Canada's most important university. You certainly wouldn't guess that, for 2½ days each week in Ottawa, he is also a senator. He's short. "Five feet six and one-half inches," he once told an interviewer, "although there's always a little doubt about the last quarter-inch." A fringe of white hair flies out from the sides of his head. In photographs, his most distinguishing facial features are the twinkling eyes that peer out between arched eyebrows and gold-rimmed half glasses, and the smile. It is full and often impish.

"I suppose," he says, flashing the smile, "this is going to be one of those post mortems." In a sense, he's right. Though he can, by law, continue to serve as a senator until his 75th birthday, it's difficult—on the eve of both his 65th birthday and his retirement from Dalhousie—not to attempt some interim assessment of the man.

As premier of Nova Scotia, he accomplished more in two

years than Gerald Regan managed in eight. He brought in a new education act that dramatically changed the provincial system of financing education, established a Treasury Board to oversee government expenditures, imposed an unpopular 17-cents-a-gallon tax on gasoline to finance road construction, began negotiations that brought two pulp and paper companies to the province, and initiated studies for a Wreck Cove hydroelectric project—only now being completed—to provide the province with a long-term source of cheap power for industrial development.



...and marches to beat "of his own cantankerous drummer"

His successes as a university president were equally formidable. In 17 years, he transformed Dalhousie from a respected, small university into a thriving enterprise that is now one of the largest employers in Atlantic Canada. Its payroll last year exceeded \$35 million. Since 1963, enrolment has quadrupled, the university's capital assets have increased tenfold, and the \$65-million annual budget—15 times what it was when Hicks arrived—is now as large as the entire provincial budget was in his last year as premier. Research activity at Dalhousie, he boasts, has increased sixfold during his tenure, graduate programs have begun in any number of disciplines, and departments such as psychology, history,

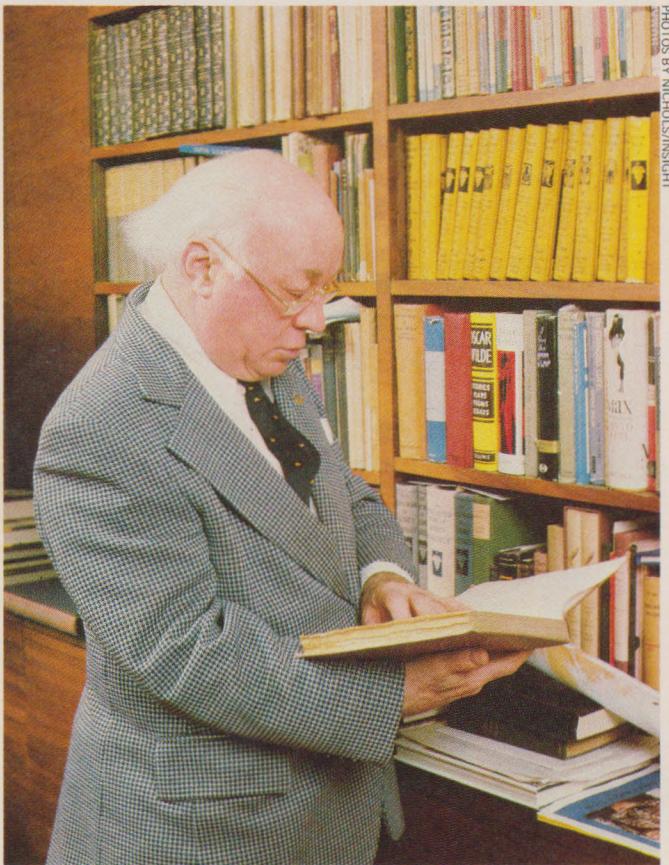
Cover Story

and marine biology and geology have gained national reputations for scholarship.

But the cataloguing of Henry Hicks's triumphs serves only to obscure the truth of his failure. His first love was—and still is—politics and, as a politician, he failed in the most important way. He couldn't get elected. Even his appointment to the Senate is testimony to the fact that he didn't get to Ottawa on his own. And just as he failed to win the hearts of Nova Scotia voters in 1956, he is acutely aware that he has never been a *popular* university president.

People applaud his ability to get things done, they admire his eclectic brilliance, they marvel at his negotiating skill and his manipulative power but they do not, in the end, like him.

"I know that I was not a particularly popular premier,"



He's had more careers than most men...

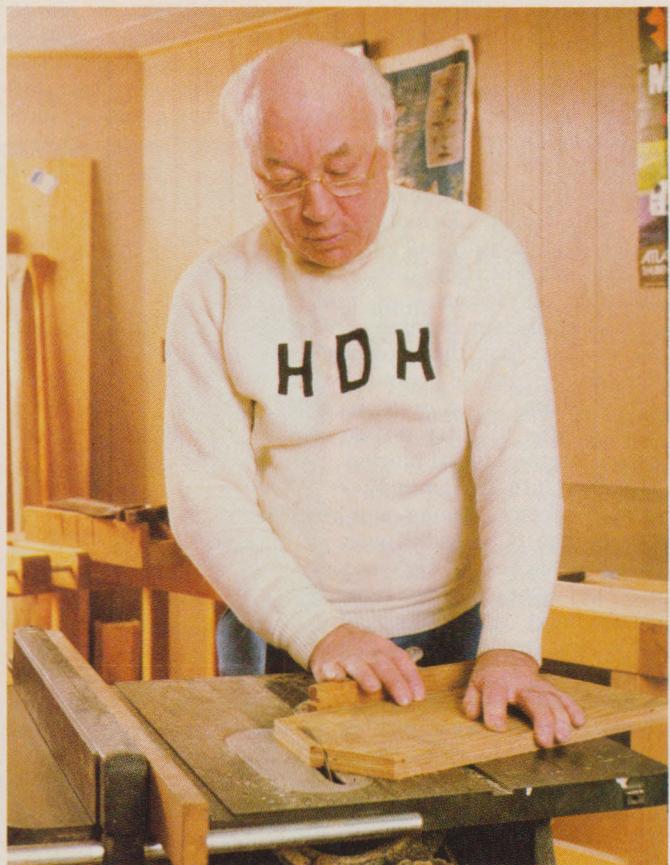
Hicks concedes, "and I know that there are still people who consider me to be brash and arrogant. But, you know, I really don't think I am any of those things. I'm not an arrogant person. I suppose I may have been brash at one time, but I don't consider that true today. I think that I can be funny and I have an ability to laugh at myself."

Indeed, Hicks can be charming in a one-to-one encounter. He also can be thoughtful. "He came up to me one day when I was just a student member of the board of governors," Halifax lawyer Brian Smith remembers, "and he said, 'I understand that you're a salmon fisherman.' We talked the usual bullshit about fishing just like you would with anyone else, even about the big one that got away, that sort of stuff." Later, Hicks arranged for Smith to spend time at his exclusive salmon fishing lodge on New Brunswick's Miramichi River; and then, after Smith's term on the board had expired, kept him up to date with federal political debates on the salmon fishery. "I've always found him to be gracious," Smith says. "When I was student president [from

1970 to 1972], it wasn't at all like reporting to daddy. He respected the fact that we were speaking for a large student body and he talked with us as he would with faculty or staff or businessmen."

At the same time, another board member says, Hicks's insistence on treating everyone equally meant he could also be cruel if he believed someone was ill-prepared or straying from the issue: "He has almost no sense of public relations. If he thinks he's right about something, he will bull ahead with it with no thought to the consequences or how other people will react. Sometimes, I found that to be a very admirable quality in the man, but at other times, he just created a lot of unnecessary problems for himself and the university."

The athletic complex is a case in point. Some are con-



...and more hobbies, including carpentry, salmon fishing

vinced it was Hicks's handling of the public meeting—rather than the meeting itself—that angered the university's neighbors and eventually led the city of Halifax to challenge the complex in court. (The city lost.) "He knew that the athletic complex was a good idea and he just wanted to get on with it. He couldn't seem to understand what the fuss was about and he just couldn't bring himself to be conciliatory. If he had, the whole thing might have turned out differently."

That, in short, is the story of Henry Hicks's political life.

He was born in 1915 in Bridgetown, a descendant of Rhode Island Quakers who came to the Annapolis Valley in 1759 after the expulsion of the Acadians. One forbear was a member of the colonial legislature of the day and Bridgetown, for a time, was even known as Hicks Ferry. But despite the fact that his family continued to play an important role in the community's backroom politics,

there wasn't another Hicks in the House of Assembly until Henry arrived in 1945. His own father—when he wasn't tending to the family lumber business, J.H. Hicks and Sons, or dabbling in fox ranching or farming or running the local funeral service—was also an active behind-the-scenes power in the county Liberal Association.

"He never tried to propagandize us about it, though," Hicks recalls. "Perhaps he just assumed we would be Liberals." Henry didn't make up his mind on that score until after he became a party candidate in 1945. "I consider myself a committed party man today," he adds quickly. "If there's something wrong with a government, it should be voted out of office, but then you have to stay with it and change it."

His own childhood, he says, "was very, very good and Bridgetown, it seems to me, was the ideal community in which to grow up." He did all the usual things. He played hockey and baseball, ran the quarter-mile in track, took part in school debates, worked in his father's cabinet-making shop in the summers, and joined Tuxis, a church youth group. But what set him apart, even then, was that he did everything with uncommon verve: "I was one of those people who wanted to do everything and it didn't matter to me whether I did them well or not."

He was a bright student and, while preparing to attend Mount Allison University, "I couldn't think of anything in the world that could be as interesting as chemistry." By his final year at Mount A., however, "I was more interested in the affairs of people than in things." He persuaded the trustees of the Rhodes Scholarships to allow him to switch from chemistry to law and arrived at Oxford in 1937.

Hicks fit into the group like a hand in a glove. He abandoned his teetotalling ancestry—he'd never had a drink before Oxford—and quickly became the acknowledged wine expert among his high-living, fast-moving friends. He became the first Canadian ever elected president of the exclusive Oxford University Boat Club and even served once as the coxswain of a varsity crew in a successful race against Cambridge. It was probably the three years at Oxford that sharpened the edge of the self-assurance that others were later to regard as arrogance and conceit—what one writer has called his "breezy, slashing manner and the general you-be-damnedness of a worldly 18th century vicar."

Hicks returned to Halifax in 1939 to article and be admitted to the Nova Scotia bar, and then signed on as an artillery officer with the Canadian Army. At the end of the war, he was in Ottawa awaiting his final discharge when the call came to hurry back to Nova Scotia "to accept a provincial Liberal nomination." It wasn't quite that simple. Hicks had to wrest the nomination from the anointed successor of a retiring cabinet minister for whom he himself had once campaigned. The battle split the local association badly. "All my political débuts seem to be made under the worst possible circumstances," Hicks later observed. But he won both the nomination and the riding.

As a backbencher, Hicks admits he was a bit of "a rebel and a critic" of his own government. Still, he was appointed Education minister, the province's first, in 1949. Five years later, after Macdonald's death, he won the Liberal premiership after a bitterly contested leadership convention that split the party along religious lines. It took five ballots before Hicks, the Protestant upstart, was able to defeat Harold Connolly, the Catholic establishment's standard-bearer. The wounds were not quick to heal and Hicks is still reticent to talk about "some of the things that went on. You know, it's almost impossible to understand how important a part religion played then." Today, he adds wistfully, "It probably wouldn't even be a factor."

Despite his pledge to the delegates that, if selected, "I would step into the breach and say of the Tories, they shall not pass, they cannot win," his term as premier was over almost before it began. What went wrong? When Hicks came

into office he was the youngest premier in Canada. He was bubbling over with new and significant plans. Yet, two years later, he led the once invincible party of Angus L. Macdonald into its first electoral defeat in 23 years.

The question of how it was that Robert Stanfield came to win that election still rankles and troubles Hicks. It is, for him, the seminal unanswered question of his political life. It is easy, and not altogether untruthful, to suggest that after all those years in power, the administration that Hicks inherited was in the terminal stages of decay. It is comforting to say—as J. Murray Beck did in his book, *The Government of Nova Scotia*—that Hicks's policy-wise but politically misunderstood education act was responsible for his own downfall. ("Beck called the legislation an act of 'unprecedented political courage,'" Hicks says, "and he's a Tory, too.")

Hicks would like to believe that's why he didn't win in 1956. But he's not sure. The outcome of the election was finally determined by the fact that 598 votes in nine different constituencies went Conservative instead of Liberal. If those people had voted Liberal, Hicks would have won a



HALIFAX HERALD

As Premier in '54. Some advised, "Shave the moustache"

landslide comparable to Angus L. Macdonald's sweep in 1945. Hicks has since played out all the permutations and combinations in his mind. Should he have shaved off his moustache, as some supporters argued, or dumped his leadership rivals from his first cabinet, or delayed the early by-elections that tarnished the Liberal aura of invincibility?

But Hicks himself was probably responsible for his downfall. Dalton Camp, who helped pull off the Stanfield victory, used to call Hicks "rabbit ears" because of his inability to suffer criticism in silence. He was a politician, said Camp, who "rushed his fences as though they were not there." Added Geoffrey Stevens, Stanfield's biographer: "As a kamikaze pilot he would have been a spectacular success; as an air marshall he proved a disaster." He had the misfortune to be judged too young, too abrasive and too smart by half at a time when Nova Scotians, used to the grandfatherly style of Angus L. Macdonald, wanted more of the same. They found it, not in Henry Hicks, but in Robert Stanfield.

By the time he finally left elective politics four years later, all his dreams were in disarray. "If I'd won in 1956,



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Cover Story

my plan was to stay on for a short period and then switch to federal politics. I felt I'd done all I could in provincial politics and I was really interested in something larger. Mr. Pearson did ask me to run for him in 1957 and promised me a cabinet post, but by then, I couldn't afford it. I had small children and a lot of debts."

Even at Dalhousie, however, he didn't totally abandon political possibilities. He almost turned down the Dalhousie presidency when a delegation from the board of governors made their first offer conditional on his signing a letter agreeing not to take any active role in politics or express any political opinions. " 'Gentlemen,' I told them, 'you've made two mistakes. Your first mistake was in offering me the job. Your second mistake was in assuming that I would sign such a letter.' " The board relented, and Hicks took the job. "Nine years later when Paul Martin called me to ask if I'd be interested in accepting a Senate appointment," he remembers, "I went to the board to ask what they thought. All but one of the people who came to see me in '63 were still there and they approved my acceptance unanimously."

Today, Henry Hicks is looking forward to having more time to devote to his Senate duties. He and his second wife—his first wife died of leukemia in 1964 and his four children, all from that first marriage, are now grown up—have bought a condominium apartment in Ottawa. He wants to work on constitutional matters and on science and research policy.

His seven years of doing double duty as both a university president and a senator left him little time to indulge his hobbies. He collects books (fine first editions of Oscar Wilde and Frank Harris) and stamps. His Bermuda collection sold several years ago for \$80,000 and he is now accumulating pre-adhesive postal markings from the mid-1800s. Moreover, he dabbles in carpentry, wine tasting, gourmet cooking and salmon fishing. "I have a little catching up to do after I retire," he says, "but I have no illusions that I'd be happy just doing my hobbies. That's why I'm glad to have the Senate to go to after I leave Dalhousie."

These days, Hicks is fond of quoting one of his Senate colleagues to the effect that members of the Commons must address themselves to their constituents while members of the Senate are able to address themselves to the issues.

Henry Hicks is finally where he belongs.

Historic Properties, Halifax

Tour Shop Dine



Folks



Zann: Making it big, as MM

For "24 hours a day," **Lenore Zann**, of Truro, N.S., learns about the late Marilyn Monroe. Zann, 20, is playing Monroe—the biggest role in her already acclaimed theatre career—in the musical, *Hey Marilyn!*, at Edmonton's Citadel Theatre. She read everything she could on the sexy star and, even when she took time to "pamper myself with a show, I couldn't get her off my mind." Zann says, "We are alike, personality-wise," but admits she's happier and, unlike Monroe, had a "wonderful childhood." Born in Australia, Zann came to Canada with her parents when she was eight, lived a while in Regina and moved east. Her first part, in a high school production of *Guy's and Dolls*, "just staggered us," says Zann's mother, Jan. Zann knew after that show "I was going to be an actress." She's appeared in Wolfville, N.S., the Charlottetown Summer Festival, Halifax's Neptune Theatre and, though she's had no formal acting les-

sons, she won a national DuMaurier talent prize in '79. Acting, she says, is more fun than school, and doesn't cramp her social life. Besides, she likes making "good money." Her mother would like her in "something more secure," but Zann has set her future course. If *Marilyn's* a hit, it may tour several U.S. cities. Eventually Zann would like to be in films—but stay in Canada. She does miss home and, even in Toronto, feels "far away from the east."

The \$400,000 Tudor-style mansion **Gloria Parsons** built for her family in Grand Falls, Nfld., "could have crucified me." Instead, she's turned it into an asset: A luxurious "mini" hotel. Parsons says she "really got carried away" with her dream home, which she lived in only six months. To pay for what had become an albatross, she expanded residential construction into St. John's, the base from which she runs

WADE YORKE

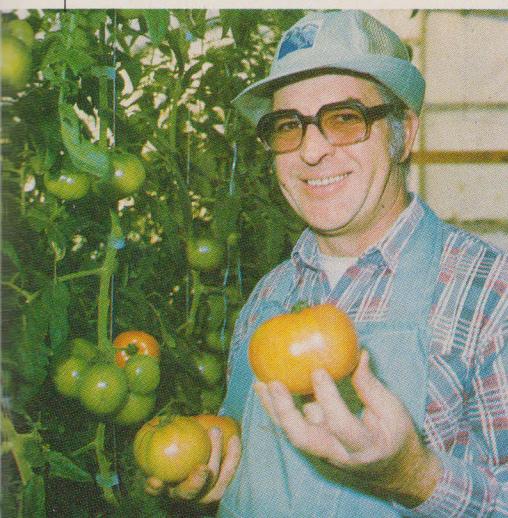
three companies. She's converting a 19th century church—a designated heritage site in downtown St. John's—into a 15-unit apartment building, a first for Newfoundland. Parsons has a natural flair for interior decorating: She made herself a pro without formal training. She says it's "not an easy job" but she loves a challenge. Divorced, with five children—two are adopted—Parsons went into business seven years ago with \$1,000 and lots of ideas. High interest rates have affected the housing market this winter, but she expects it's temporary and has a high-priced home subdivision on tap. With optimism building over offshore oil discoveries, the housing future looks bright and "Newfoundland is an exciting place to be," she says. "Of course I always thought it was an exciting place."



Parsons: From dream home to big business

Frances Perry, first woman mayor in the 102-year history of Summerside, P.E.I., says, "I am very happy for womankind." Her real interest, however, is not the women's movement, it's business. As mayor, she'll be out to revive the stagnant economy of the Island's "second city." Perry is a successful businesswoman herself. She owns Summerside's two movie theatres. Her winning the mayoralty in late '79 was a classic case of, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." In '77, John Forbes beat her in her first bid for office. This time, she decided to try again only hours before the deadline for filing nomination papers. She beat Forbes by 204 votes. Congratulations, Your Worship.

Jim Costello, 74, former coal miner from Sydney Mines, N.S., is a psychology major at University of P.E.I. and, come spring, expects to graduate. While still a stripling of 59, Jim suffered a crippling mining accident. It inspired him to go back to school: "I'd only gone as far as Grade 6, and I always had this daydream of getting more education....I get a lot more out of my classes than I would out of a trip to Florida." Jim must use a cane to get around but nevertheless he was spry enough—and popular enough—to beat two somewhat prettier (and very much younger) candidates for a seat on student council.



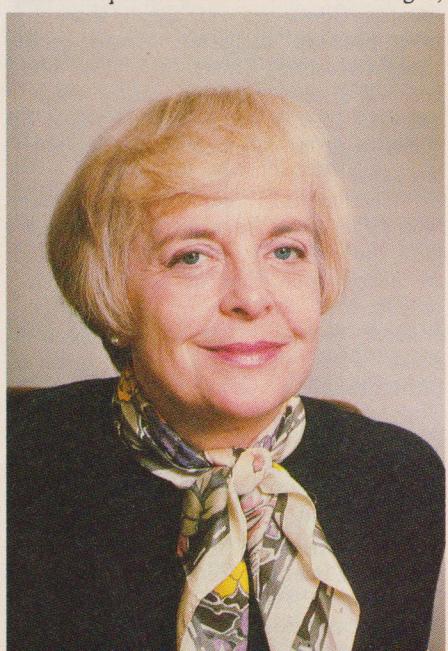
Keizer: Supertomatoes from a cube

Chances are if it's a Nova Scotia tomato, 10 ounces or so, it came from **Jim Keizer**'s hothouse on the eastern shore. Keizer, of Grant's Cove (population: Eight) grows yummy tomatoes, commercially, by hydroponics—growing without soil. You plant the seed in a cube and feed it liquid nutrients containing elements found in soil. A lifelong gardener, Keizer shelved his 17-year career as a mechanical engineer for tomato growing. He got hooked after experimenting with lettuce grown in Halifax in a big flower box in his kitchen window. He found that under special conditions, he could grow more in less time. His background helped: He knew all about air handling—a must in his business—and he kept costs down by building an energy-efficient home. Keizer says his tomatoes taste much better than imported ones because they're picked ripe. He and his wife, Sally, and children, Tim and Pam, are getting by on the tomato business and fishing, but they'd like to expand, if government assistance weren't such a hassle: "This area has a 31% unemployment rate and we would expand to help the area if we could get government assistance." But it's just not worth it, he says. "If there was storm damage to my hothouse, I would probably lose my home, if it were tied up in the system."

Newfoundlanders knew 28-year-old **Bob Lambert** as a rough-and-tumble hockey player with the St. John's Capitals. He's still a household name but now it's for his music. *Knobby's Lament*, the singer-guitarist's first album, is just out and its combination of rock, disco, country, jazz and even gospel sounds attests to Lambert's determination to show his versatility: "I want to show people that I'm not just a hockey player or a guy who sings one type of music." He wrote three of the album's songs including the title piece, a remembrance of his hockey days. Though *Lament* hasn't got much air play yet, Lambert's confidence is intact: "I know my own self-worth as a performer." Onstage, Lambert belts out songs with everything he's got and only performs ones he believes in. He practises about six hours a day and performs at clubs throughout Newfoundland. He's been a warm-up act for some big name stars, appeared on a CBC series in Newfoundland, and at the Atlantic Folk Festival. He'd like stardom, but only on his terms: "I'm not out to impress anyone. I just want to be accepted as I am."

Saint John-born, Toronto-based contralto **Patricia Rideout** 48, came home in the new year for performances and workshops at New Brunswick universities. Voice students were "very excited" about her return, said Rodney McLeod of Mount Allison University's music department. She's a "fine singer,

musically intelligent." Touring Atlantic Canada with the Canadian Opera Company in late '79, Rideout performed in the high school she'd attended before leaving Saint John almost 30 years ago. School chums turned out to hear her. She bumped into her old French teacher, and found her own graduation photo on the wall. Never one to turn up her nose at folk or jazz singing, she says, "I do everything." She has sung grand opera, art song, oratorio, musical comedy, Baroque, and more. She's a good ambassador for opera. She says its reputation as a snooty, mink-coat affair is undeserved. It can be "great theatre" for everyone.

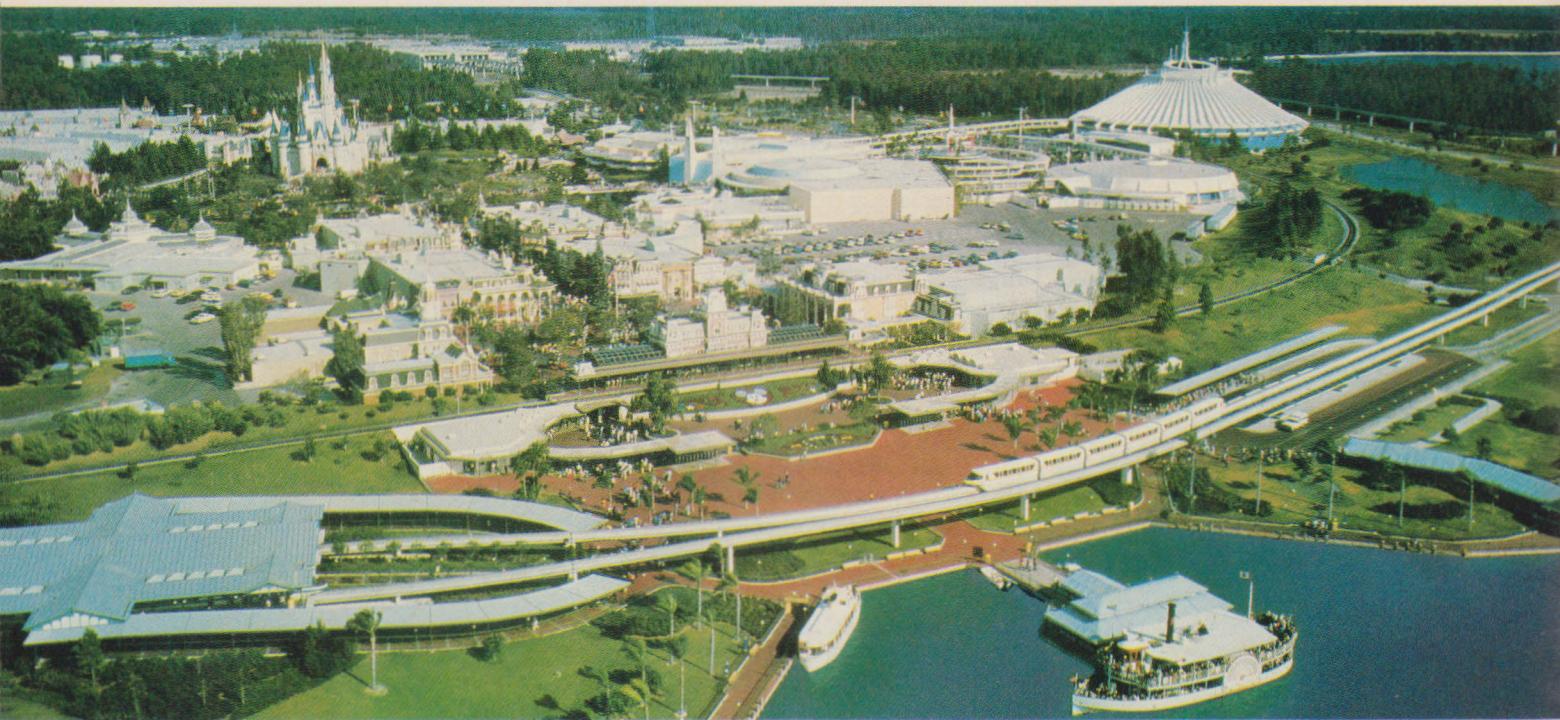


Rideout wants opera for everyone



Barnes: Model fever in Moncton?

Moncton has not always been everyone's idea of a fashion centre, but for the Ottawa-born founder of the **Ruth Barnes** Modelling Agency—which runs classes for up to 90 women a week—business is so good that, this winter, it planned not only what may be the region's first modelling courses in French but also classes for men. "Over the last three years," Barnes says, "I've seen a fantastic increase in the demand for models, for everything from retail-store ads to convention hostesses." A former model herself, Barnes moved to Moncton in '66, started her school in '67. "It was a very small thing at the start," she says. The idea was to make young women "feel basically good about themselves." But as Moncton grew so did the school-agency and now, Barnes says, "My girls [the more successful graduates] are busy most of the time." Her first rule for models is, "Practise good posture and everything else follows." That, presumably, will apply to her boys, too.



Disney made it, Disney interests control it. You bet

Now you just git on down to Disney World. Y'hear?

Everyone wants you to "have a nice day," and you do, you really do. "It will make money," Disney said, and it does, it really does

By Marilyn MacDonald

It's 12 noon in the Magic Kingdom at Walt Disney World and the Dumbo circus parade is moving down Main Street, U.S.A., past selected tributes to turn-of-the-century Americana. The ice cream parlor. The silent movie house. The bake shop. The avenue leads to Cinderella's castle and, from there, to the interior worlds of Disney World: Fantasyland, Adventureland, Frontierland, Tomorrowland. The crowds lining the parade route have seen some or all of them. They'll go back this afternoon and, if Disney statistics are accurate, probably the next two days as well.

It's hot, but no one's bad-tempered. A honeymoon couple, identically blond and suntanned, in matching red shirts, jogging shorts and gold chains, giggle as Br'er Bear jumps off his float and tries to shake their hands. A large woman in a green and yellow print shift, pale and pasty-faced, eyes him impassively over the mound of a massive ice cream cone. He's huge, maybe more than seven feet

tall, but other Disney animal characters on the floats are no bigger than my seven-year-old daughter. Who's inside those costumes, I wonder. Kids? Midgets? A Disney publicist smiles when I ask her later. "We prefer to think of them just as Mickey and Donald," she says.

The animals and other characters—Snow White, Alice in Wonderland—play the crowd like experts. They seem to have some kind of sensing device which, at the raising of a camera, enables them to fall into poses that make even the most rank amateur photographer's efforts look good. They're charming and patient with the kids, who follow them in droves, eyes full of awe and hands dying to touch and squeeze. Every now and then a more adventurous child beetles out and around, pulling up short in front of the figure and peering. Is it ... is it?

Kate is bringing up the rear in one pack when suddenly the kids scatter and she's face to face with Donald Duck. He bobs forward, kisses her, then covers his

face with his hands and pantomimes a blush. She stares, too dazzled to smile, and touches her face. He's got her.

Disney World of Florida is nine years old this year. On opening day in October, 1971, 10,000 people came to see the late Walt Disney's masterpiece. Officials had expected 30,000 but rumors that the crowds and traffic snarls would be horrendous kept people away. One woman visitor claimed to be Cinderella and asked for free admission. Disney cops told her their police car was a pumpkin and hustled her away in it. If the first-day crowds were less than had been hoped for, the rest of the story was more. In March, 1978, the complex recorded what still stands as its attendance record: Eighty-five thousand visitors in a single day.

Disneyland, the \$128.5-million entertainment park near Anaheim, California, was less than 10 years old in the early Sixties when Walt Disney first looked toward Florida and began planning to top what already looked like a very good idea. The official literature of Walt Disney Productions refers loftily to his "dream" of a vast vacation kingdom, a family entertainment park combined with a complete holiday resort and futuristic community of tomorrow.

What had happened was this: The success of Disneyland attracted a horde of cashers-in. Motels, souvenir shops, restaurants crowded up to the gates of the park to scoop up their share of the economic spinoff. Not only was the en-



Disney characters perform in front of Cinderella's castle

vironment "distracting and conflicting," according to Disney historians, it was unprofitable for Disney. Scrooge McDuck would never have stood for it. Neither did WED Enterprises. Next time, it would look for much more than Disneyland's 250 acres. It would control its environment completely and harvest the profits totally. It would create its own world.

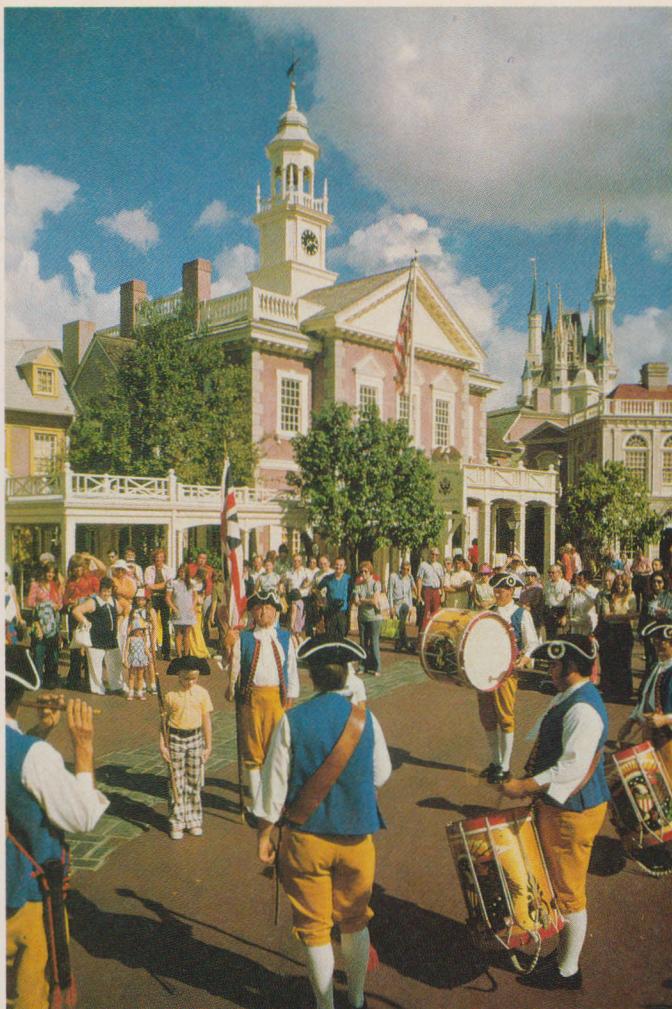
By 1963, WED was looking at Florida which had the weather to permit a year-round operation, a number one tourism rating among the states and large areas of available land. They settled on a tract 20 miles southwest of Orlando and resort attorneys, working undercover, began to buy land—27,500 acres of it—from local property owners in 1964. Average cost then was about \$185 an acre. By opening day in 1971, there were offers of up to \$300,000 an acre for locations close to the Disney World gates.

WED also began to lobby the Florida state legislature. In 1967, agog at the estimated \$343 million in new tax revenues which the resort complex was supposed to generate, the state house passed three bills making Disney World virtually a city-state. They included provisions for absolute control by Dis-

ney interests of everything on its property, including police and zoning powers. There were also some tax advantages.

As a combination of business and fantasy, the resort that opened four years and \$400 million later is unique in North America and probably anywhere in the world. Disney World wraps you up completely and ties you with a bow. It will feed you, water you, apply a Band-aid if you cut yourself. It will bathe and diaper your baby, park your car, dispense maps, cheerfully guide you wherever you want to go or, if you don't know, help you decide. It will supply you with towels, boats, water-skis, swimming pools, tennis courts, golf courses, nightclubs and a hotel for your dog, where disco music is piped into carpeted suites.

It will shelter you, according to your taste, in the Contemporary Hotel, a space-age structure where the monorail runs straight through the grand concourse, or the Polynesian Village Resort, all exotic blossoms and waterfalls. It will lease you a travel trailer, hand you a horse, sell you a souvenir. It will arrange your convention and babysit your kids. The professionalism of it makes you feel



Tributes to Americana on Main Street, U.S.A.

reverent. It is perfection, from the approach to the Magic Kingdom, where ornamental shrubs are trimmed to the shape of bears, deer and pigs (five years in the making!) to the carousel in the amusement park, a giant, gorgeous thing, painted ponies four abreast, brilliant with colored glass and carved flowers.

We've wandered to the carousel from the parade. Kate wants a ride and so do I, but most of the ponies are taken. This isn't a peak season for Disney World—that occurs during Christmas week, Easter week and summer—but it's busy. There's a special promotion on for senior citizens, one of a number the complex runs in slack periods.

We find a horse and the ride starts. An elderly woman in pastel polyester, Mickey Mouse ears perched on grey-white curls, a badge on her shirtfront ("Hi...I'm Frances") rides next to a husky guy in cutoff denims and a T-shirt that says, "Where the hell is northeast Pennsylvania?" Their expressions are identical. They are dreaming, which is easy to do in this World of worlds, fruit of the imagination of a genius from the midwest for whom, as one writer says, "Children and animals were natur-

Travel

ally good; nature...was not so red in tooth and claw as it was cuddly in fur and paw." Adult visitors, the publicist tells me, outnumber children four to one at Disney World.

There are choices to be made about lunch. The Magic Kingdom has dozens of places. Most lean heavily toward the American staples: Hot-dogs, hamburgers, ice cream. But no beer, wine or spirits, not anywhere. We take the monorail to the Contemporary Hotel. It's cool and has good food at reasonable prices (a steak sandwich, the most expensive item on the menu, costs \$6.95). Throughout our stay in Florida, I am continually surprised at the number of moderately priced restaur-

It's America's peculiar genius for service and it reaches full flower in Florida, not the elegant subterfuge perfected by the Europeans but the simple, ingratiating lust for trade that's sold the world billions of dollars worth of cars, soap and floor wax.

You notice it first in the road signs. Even a klutz like me, who can manage to get lost driving in her own neighborhood, would have a hard time getting lost in Florida. Everyone wants you to have a nice day. At one of those everything-stores in Orlando—groceries, beer, swimming gear—on the night we arrive, the man laughs when we inquire how late he's open. "Man, we're open 24 hours. We never know when you folks

the complex earn no less than \$3 an hour. (The state of Florida's minimum wage is \$2.80 an hour.) Several years ago some Disney animal-characters complained publicly about the heat inside their costumes. Officials point out now that the suits are "ventilated."

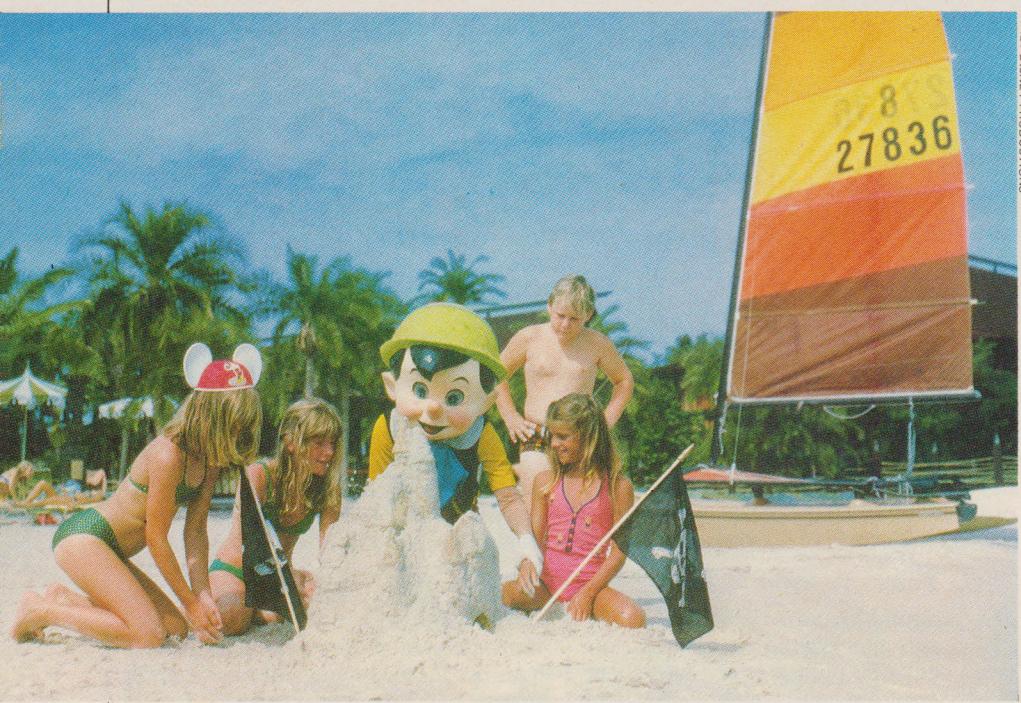
It's possible Disney World would have happened nowhere but in Florida, where the instinct for tourist promotion seems to spawn generations genetically programmed to service the industry. But if the state provided promising raw material, it was Disney who polished it to perfection.

The impact on the Orlando area has been enormous. Everything's a World. At Sea World, Shamu, the killer whale, stars in the whale and dolphin show. Minutes away, at Circus World—the permanent quarters of Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey—a pitch that's never changed through the years invites ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls and children of all ages daily to witness the Greatest Show on Earth.

For the most part, the places are well run. But here and there, if you're quick, you can find a flaw. A bead of perspiration above the smiling lips of the hostess who guides you to your table. The merest glance of irritation from the ticket-taker as the day wears on. Not at Disney World, though. Here, the humans run with a well-oiled mechanical perfection and the machines seem almost human. Perhaps they're interchangeable. At the Country Bear Jamboree and the Mickey Mouse Review, mechanical figures—run by computer tapes, synchronized with music in a Disney-patented system—perform to bursts of spontaneous applause from the audience. No one seems to notice they're applauding robots.

It's 8 p.m. in Orlando, at an Italian restaurant on a strip of motels, fast food chains and gas stations popping their seams with giveaways. A family of four comes in, sits down, orders dinner. They look tired. By eight at night in Orlando, everybody looks tired. The kids have had their faces clown-painted at Circus World earlier in the day and, as their chins droop toward the table, meat-sauce blends with white grease-paint. But they're feeling good. They've seen the circus and Shamu and the dolphins. And tomorrow they're going back to Disney World again—their fourth time. Disney World's the best.

Walt Disney died in 1966, five years before Disney World opened. They say that near the end he made a simple reply to those who feared for the future of his Florida fantasy paradise. "It will make money," he said. Yes.



Pinocchio and fans: This World has everything

ants, the comparatively low cost of food, beverages, even clothes.

We plan our afternoon. We'll take the jungle cruise (where the hissing snakes scare Kate but the elephants, squirting water at us, send her into fits of laughter) and go to the Haunted Mansion, a triumph of special effects, with ghosts and skeletons popping out everywhere, her favorite of the Disney World attractions.

The restaurant is like all of Disney World: Super-clean, super-neat, not a rip, not a tear, not a bit of chipped paint. The waitresses are like the other employees at the complex, a blend of professional cheerfulness and wholesome Southern style, or something close enough to it to pass. Waiters, security guards, parking-lot attendants, guides are all friendly without being obsequious, attentive without being oppressive.

might be *gittin' heah!*"

Disney World opened in 1971 with a staff of 6,200–5,500 of them between 17 and 22 years old. Recruiting standards were tough. Disney officials rejected eight out of every nine applicants. And performance standards were high. There was an emphasis on wholesomeness. One monorail pilot was grounded on opening day because her black bikini panties showed through her lime-green jumpsuit.

The complex now employs 13,000, rising to 15,000 in peak periods. Most are still young, in their late teens and early twenties. There are no unions and Disney officials are vague about shift lengths and pay scales. The Magic Kingdom is usually open from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. though, in the height of the season, closing time can be midnight or 1 a.m. Disney World says employees at

The boy boatbuilder of Bay d'Espoir

Well, he's not exactly a boy, but he's one heck of a boatbuilder

It's 2 a.m., and Alvin Roberts is tired. He's been working for 18 solid hours but, as he jams his 6'3" frame through the doorway of his workshop and heads across the small yard to his family's house, he manages a grin. For he has just finished building his 50th inshore-fishing boat in three years. Since he began boatbuilding, he has hammered more than 800,000 nails, cut more than 1,300 fir planks and brushed more than 100 gallons of white paint. Alvin, a bachelor, is 22.

He was born, lives and runs his business at Head of Bay d'Espoir. It's about as far up as you can go in this fiord on Newfoundland's south coast. The unemployment rate there was a staggering 80% a few years ago and, though the area is still hardly thriving, Alvin works as though he were trying to beat a Toronto traffic jam. From 8 a.m. till midnight, five days a week, ("depending on how things are going"), he caulked, saws and hammers. "You know," he says, "I've got orders to fill."

On Saturdays, he heads for the woods with his chain-saw to cut ribs, stems and keels. Since June, he has taken one weekend off. He used it to drive 300-odd miles to look at boats. Once, he planned to spend a whole week hunting moose, but he bagged one on his first day out. The next morning he was back building boats.

Alvin didn't always plan to be a boatbuilder. After high school he did construction work, but when the Bay d'Espoir hydro project was complete, the jobs dried up. He tried electronics at the Gander vocational school, lasted only six weeks. It was his uncle, a fisherman from Conception Bay, who loaned him boat plans and said, "Go on, boy."

Alvin built a shed in his yard, and went on. He has never advertised. Word of mouth still works on the south coast. Someone in Renontrre East might ask, "Say, boy, where'd ya' get that boat?" The reply would be, "Don Roberts' young fella' in Bay d'Espoir built it." Alvin would get a phone call, take another order. He builds boats for fishermen in Burgeo, Ramea, Gaulois, all along the south coast. Word is spreading further as well. A man from the northeast coast drove to Bay d'Espoir to sell seal meat, saw Alvin at work, placed an order.

Some call Alvin's craft "lobster

CUSANO/INSIGHT



Alvin Roberts: "I've got orders to fill." Terry helps

boats." He calls them "plied timber boats." The basic design is his uncle's, but Alvin varies it to suit buyers. Some want fish lockers, others don't. Occasionally, a buyer wants a deeper boat, so Alvin adds a plank or two. All the boats are between 18 and 23 feet long. He cuts spruce for the stems and keels, juniper for the ribs. Bay d'Espoir boasts several sawmills but the spruce budworm and provincial government miscalculations about the timber supply have caused a lumber shortage. "We went into the woods last Saturday to cut some stems," Alvin said. "We must have cut 30 or 40 but we only got 15 that were any good. The rest were rotten."

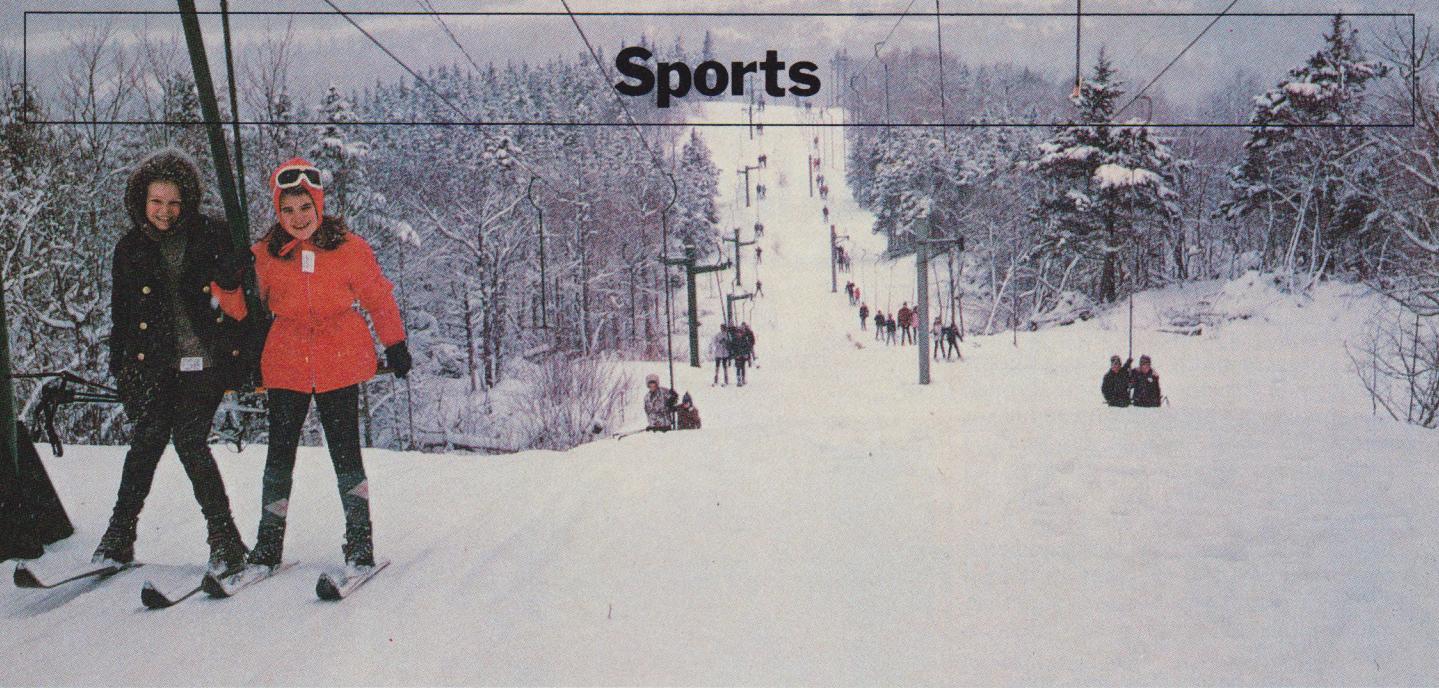
He buys his fir planking from a small mill at Head of Bay d'Espoir but his only other expenses are okum, caulking, nails and paint. He can build a boat in two weeks, and sell it for anywhere from \$1,100 to \$1,700. That means a lot to the six of his seven brothers and sisters who still live at home, and specially

to Terry, 18. Since graduating from high school last June, Terry's been helping his older brother in the workshop.

Alvin is unusual not because he's a young boatbuilder but because he's making a good living in a spot where most men are unemployed. Bay d'Espoir, too far inland for a fishery, has always relied on the timber industry. But in 1967 a new hydro plant was supposed to be the beginning of a better era. The Smallwood government promised a rosy future, complete with an aluminum smelter, harbor, cloverleafs, industrial parks, a university. This "city of the future" would be Newfoundland's third-largest. Soon, 2,000 men were working on the hydro plant. Then, it was finished. The dream faded. The population of the bay stayed at 5,000 and, ever since, it's been scrambling to recover. Alvin scrambles in his own way. He has back orders till at least next Christmas, and there'll be a lot more mornings on which he doesn't get to bed till two o'clock.

—Susan Sherk

Sports



Where to ski in Atlantic Canada

Cross-country, downhill. Places to eat, drink and relax, too

By Roma Senn

The east has what it takes for good cross-country skiing, but for downhill it's often considered little-league. It isn't. The region has 16 alpine ski areas—we haven't included hills with only rope tows—several with slopes over 300 m long. True, last year was a wipe-out in most places, especially for alpine skiers, but new snow-making equipment in several snow-starved areas makes the downhill scene look brighter this winter, if it's cold. The ranks of cross-country skiers continue to swell and though alpine's popularity has levelled, it still means winter for many.

Cross-country skiing is cheaper—around \$100 for equipment, compared with more than \$300 for alpine, plus lift costs—more accessible and, some say, easier to learn. Those hooked on downhill skiing say it's more exciting. But whatever a skier's preference, there are good ski areas in the region. *Atlantic Insight* has listed downhill and cross-country areas, but because skiers can do cross-country even in the backyard, only a few of the better-known trails are included. Many places to stay near ski areas offer skiers' specials and we've listed some of them. There are others.

Newfoundland and Labrador: Marble Mountain—nine km east of Corner Brook. The highest slopes in the east and some say the best. It has a vertical drop of 597 m, a 1,667-m double chair lift, two T-bars, a rope tow, lodge with canteen and bar, runs from each lift,

10 integrating trails. No need to worry about lack of snow here. Average winter snowfall: Four hundred cm. Temperatures between -6 and -10 degrees Celsius. Marble's a great cross-country ski spot with 20 km of trails, 15 along a logging road, five atop the mountain's plateau. Nordic ski buffs rate the Corner Brook area number one in the province. South of Corner Brook, 50 km of trails wind through logging areas, over rolling hills and bogs.

Gros Morne National Park is popular too. Trails aren't marked, so skiers follow unplowed roads, hiking routes and waterways. Better check with park officials first.

The Black Duck Trail, a 15-km run just outside Stephenville, takes a full day. Break at Dhoon Lodge, a private camp, for lunch or make reservations to spend the night.

On the east coast, **Terra Nova National Park** is a good bet with four hiking trails suitable for nordic skiing.

Dunphy's Pond Trail has great scenery, a four-km trail. On the return run, it's all downhill.

Labrador has several good cross-country skiing spots, though the terrain is less varied than other parts of the province. **Smokey Mountain Ski Area**, Labrador City, has a big hill and the skiing season's long. But it's too cold to stay out for long in January and February. The vertical drop is 300 m. It has seven runs, three poma lifts, one double chair lift, lodge with

canteen and bar, and ski school. The \$10 daily pass covers night skiing too. Nordic skiers head for Smokey's base and onto an extensive trail network.

Snow Goose Mountain, 16 km northwest of Goose Bay, has vertical drop of 180 m, double T-bar, single J-bar, five runs. Average snowfall, 150 cm. Average temperature between -10 and -12 degrees Celsius. No snow-making equipment. Ski rental, lessons available, lodge and canteen. Weekend pass, \$6. Goose Mountain has trails for cross-country skiing.

Churchill Falls Ski Area, Churchill Falls, has a 209-m vertical drop, T-bar, canteen facilities. Daily pass costs \$3.

Prince Edward Island: Terrain is best suited for cross-country skiing and, in the last few years, three government-run ski areas have sprung up. Trails are groomed daily, maps are available and skiers can rent equipment. About 14,000 Islanders have taken to the trails, 2,200 downhill ski. This winter the ski association plans nordic ski-and-camp trips.

Alpine skiers head for **Brookvale Provincial Park**, on Highway 13 between Summerside and Charlottetown. It has a 52-m vertical drop, T-bar, rope tow and five runs. Twenty-five km of trails to suit the novice or pro cross-country skier range from two to eight km, run beside the slope, through the forest and along fields. The lodge has a restaurant.

Brudenell Provincial Resort, five km west of Georgetown, has 18 km of trails which skirt the shore, run through

bush, fields and along roadways.

The third provincially owned resort is in **Mill River**, 13 km from Alberton. Eight km of trails loop across open land to the shoreline. Terrain is mostly flat but there are some small hills.

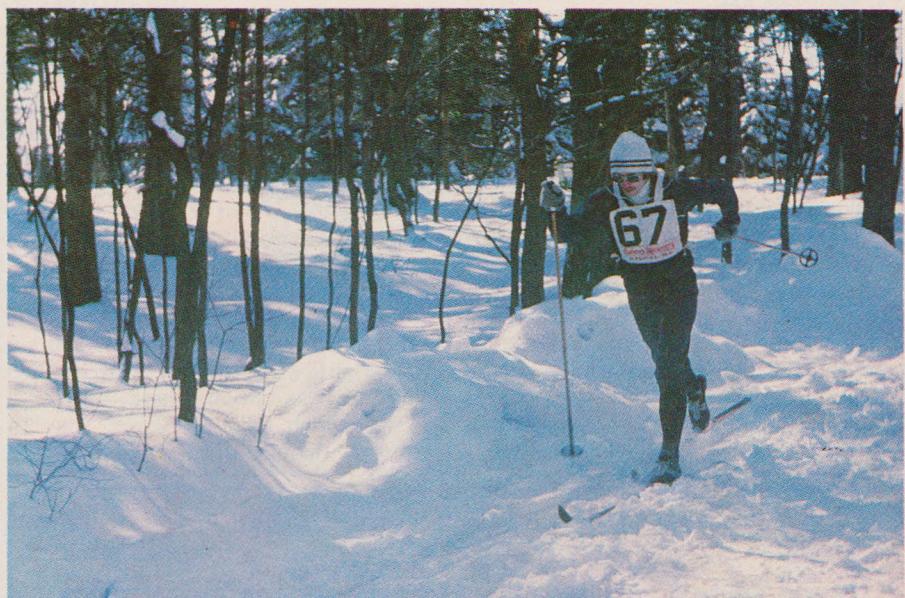
New Brunswick: **Mont Farlagne**, near Edmundston, has T-bar, poma lift, a 166-m vertical drop, eight runs, ski school, shop and lodge.

Sugarloaf Provincial Park, near Campbellton, is a safe bet for lots of snow, even when other spots are dry, with an average winter snowfall of 438 cm. Snow base runs about 90 cm during an average winter. Sugarloaf has an 152-m vertical drop, chair lift, two double T-bars, seven runs, chalet serving light lunches, ski shop and school. Cross-country skiers share the chalet with downhillers. For them there are two trails, totalling 10 km, which join on a forested plateau atop the mountain. Trails are for novice to intermediate skiers. VIA Rail offers ski weekends with the provincially run Sugarloaf and several Campbellton motels. It includes rail travel from any VIA-serviced point in the region, accommodation and lifts.

Kouchibouguac National Park, off Route 11 between Moncton and Chatham, has a six-km marked trail along level terrain.

Dobson Trail, from Moncton to Fundy National Park. Part of this trail can be skied. In Fundy, there are seven trails of more than 35 km. The going can be rough.

Poley Mountain, 10 km east of Sussex. Vertical drop, 240 m, nine runs, T-bar, pony lift, lodge with canteen bar, ski school, shop. There are ungroomed trails for cross-country skiers



Cross-country's cheaper, easier, popular in the east...

around Poley.

Rockwood Park Ski Hills, Saint John, is one of the few spots in the region where there's skiing right in town. Rockwood has a T-bar, pony lift, 54-m vertical drop, three runs.

Crabbe Mountain Winter Park, 56 km northwest of Fredericton. With a vertical drop of 277 m, it's New Brunswick's highest ski slope. Some ski buffs say it's the best, too. There are nine runs for all levels of skiers, two double T-bars, one rope tow, lodge, ski shop, school, day care centre, bus service from Fredericton. Cross-country skiers share facilities and ski old logging roads.

Silverwood Winter Park, Fredericton. Another ski-in-town spot with a 96-m vertical drop, three runs, ski

school. Fredericton has lots of cross-country activity with 10 km of trails in the 350-acre **Odell Park**. There's a lodge too.

Mactaquac Provincial Park, 25 km west of Fredericton, has 45 km of trails, including a run to Crabbe Mountain, three loop ski trails from 2.5 km to 7.5 km. Rest at the lodge. The 1973 Junior Cross-country ski championships were held here.

Nova Scotia: Wentworth Valley, Wentworth, N.S. A 1½-hour drive from Halifax and Moncton. When there's snow, it's crowded. It's one of the region's oldest downhill ski spots and, for a long time, the best developed. It has a 216-m vertical drop, 13 runs, two T-bars, rope tow, lodge with bar, canteen, ski shop, private and group lessons.

The nearby Valley Inn offers one-night packages including breakfast and supper buffets. Rates per person: \$34.50, single occupancy; \$22.50 double occupancy. For an inexpensive stay you could try the Wentworth Hostel, just 1.6 km from the slopes and snuggled in cross-country land. Make reservations through the Halifax Trail Shop. For members, it's \$2.25 per night; non-members, \$3.50. Most rooms are dorm-style. On weekends, meals are served. Through the week, hostellers cook their own. Bring along sheets or a sleeping bag. Seventeen trails totalling 70 km—many are marked—range from flat to steep.

Martock II, eight km from Windsor, 45 minutes from Halifax. This year management plans après ski activities like weekend smorgasbords, parties, dances. Martock has a 180-m vertical drop, two T-bars, four runs, ski school, night skiing, lodge with canteen and bar. There are plans for cross-country trails.

Kingsway Inn, eight km from the



...but Alpine's exciting—and gaining strength, too

Sports

slopes, offers families—two adults and a child—a \$54.50 two-night package including lounge privileges and two drinks. With Martock, it offers a learn-to-ski package for \$219.

Old Orchard Inn, 20 minutes from Windsor on Highway 101, exit 11, has a treat for cross-country skiers: Nineteen km of marked trails. There are guided tours and lessons and skiers can rent or buy equipment. The weekend special for two persons, two nights \$64.50, includes use of trails, other facilities, two cocktails. The inn has a

lounge, restaurant, and coffee shop.

Kejimkujik National Park, Annapolis Co., has five marked trails spanning 25 km.

Halifax's **Point Pleasant Park** is a good place to give cross-country skiing a try. It has eight km of trails and, though trails aren't marked, it's easy to get around. It's hilly in sections and the views are good. Other suitable spots in the Halifax-Dartmouth area include **The Dingle** and **Shubie Park**.

Keppoch, James River, six km from Antigonish, has a T-bar, 139-m

vertical drop, four runs, lodge with canteen. There are adult ski lessons and weekend one-day adult lifts are \$9. The Claymore Motel and Wandlyn Inn in Antigonish have ski packages. Wandlyn offers a learn-to-ski package with Keppoch. It costs \$99 per person, double occupancy, includes two consecutive Saturday nights' accommodation, instruction, lifts, and your Sunday breakfasts.

Ben Eoin, 28 km from Sydney, Route 4. Good spot for beginners. It has a 148-m vertical drop, T-bar, rope tow, three runs, canteen and bar, night skiing, rental equipment.

Keltic Cape Smokey, Ingonis Beach, Cape Breton Highlands National Park. Smokey's in the big-hill league with a 300-m vertical drop and 1200-m double chair lift. It has five runs, pony lift, lodge, ski shop, lessons.

For nordic skiers, the park—780 sq. km of it—has a terrain mix for every fancy. Maps are available from the park administration office. Before setting out, let the warden in on your plans and you'll get tips, weather information. A couple of trails: **Branch Pond Lake**, starts at the Warren Brook Warden Station, 1.6 km north of Ingonis. It's a 12-km run but even novice skiers can handle it, and you'll see lots of animals enroute. The **Warren Lake Trail**, starts at the same place, follows the Warren Lake road, circles the lake. It's about 6.5 km. For stunning scenery, try the three-km **Clyburn Valley Trail**.

Staying at the government-owned Keltic Lodge or White Birch Inn, nordic skiers can jump from bed onto the trail. A shuttle bus takes alpine skiers from the lodge to Smokey, six km away. The weekend special, one of several Keltic runs, costs \$73 per person, double occupancy, includes lodge accommodations for two nights, two breakfasts, two dinners, three days' lifts and gratuities. For cross-country skiers, \$61. White Birch costs more, the dormitory less.

The EPA/Keltic Ski Weekend costs nordic skiers \$164.68 per person, double occupancy; alpine, \$178.80. It includes Halifax/Sydney round trip, ground transportation to and from Keltic, two nights' accommodation, two breakfasts, two dinners, two days' lifts (alpine), gratuities.

VIA Rail offers weekend ski packages with Keltic which includes rail transportation from any VIA-serviced station in the region, ground transportation from Sydney, accommodation and lifts. Prices vary according to departure point.

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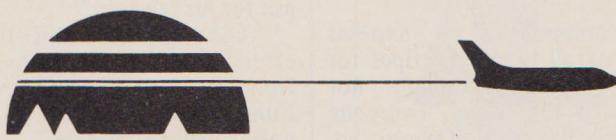
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From a farmhouse on Fundy he fights worldwide torture

He is Father Osborg, crusty campaigner for human rights from Moscow to Guatemala

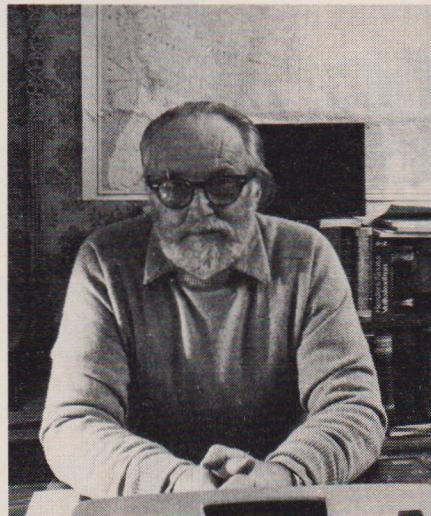
One spring day in '78, more than 100 Kekchi Indians went to Panzós, a town in northern Guatemala, to discuss land claims. The military promptly massacred them. In 10 years, military "death squads" have murdered more than 20,000 Guatemalans. Many people were tortured first, mutilated beyond recognition. Nor is Guatemala exceptional; half the world's nations regularly use torture to quell opposition. In the Soviet Union, authorities confined a nun to a psychiatric hospital—a form of incarceration that several east European countries use—on charges of "engaging in prohibited trade." Such confinement means little chance for legal help, and Amnesty International believes the nun is there for religious rather than medical reasons. Her crime? Selling belts embroidered with biblical words.

The Indians and the nun are just two examples of what Amnesty International sees as widespread human-rights violations. The worldwide and largely volunteer corps, with more than 200,000 members, was founded in '61 by a British lawyer. It works for the abolition of torture, including the death penalty, and the release of "prisoners of conscience": Those imprisoned for their beliefs, color, ethnic origin, or religion, who've neither used nor advocated violence.

AI is non-political—it exposes governments of all political stripes for human-rights violations—though not everyone sees it that way. "Everyone hates us," says Father B. Osborg, co-ordinator in Canada for AI's Campaign Against Torture (CAT). No country likes its human-rights record challenged and some charge that AI is a CIA agent, that it's "trash," that it picks on Latin American countries. But it balances cases from Western, Communist and Third-World countries, and its fine research has won it a Nobel Peace Prize, a UN human-rights award, consultative status with the UN and other international agencies. Some critics call its estimates too conservative, its scope too narrow, but prisoners released through

its efforts—it has about a 50% success rate—say, "Thank God for Amnesty." A security guard to a political prisoner: "You are not dead because too many people are concerned about you."

Around the world a battalion of letter writers pleads for the release of men, women and children. This may seem a weak response to hideous atrocities but, sometimes anyway, it works. An Amnesty cartoon: A big shot in uniform is opening his mail when a lackey comes in. Big shot: "Who the hell is this prisoner, José Rodriguez?" Lackey: "He's just an illiterate peasant, sir." Big shot: "He can't be, you idiot. This guy has thousands of friends all



His day begins with mass

over the world who keep writing me to ask for his release..."

Osborg, who runs the Canadian effort for the Campaign Against Torture from his small house on Nova Scotia's Fundy shore, says AI is "not just a postal delivery system." He insists that the several thousand Amnesty members writing for CAT be "correct and compassionate." Everyone, police, embassy officials, political leaders, they're all "prima donnas" who expect to be addressed properly. Another cardinal rule: Be polite. Letter writers should never, for example, directly accuse a country of using torture.

Osborg, 70, starts his 14-hour-a-day volunteer job by saying mass. (He was ordained through a branch of the Old Catholic Church, a breakoff group from Roman Catholicism.) Then, he reports

to his desk in a spartan, book-lined room to write to Canadian groups—there are over 30, including those in Sackville, Moncton, Halifax and East Bay, Cape Breton, with several more in the works—and to individuals, all on behalf of the prisoners whose cases AI headquarters in London have designated "urgent actions." Each urgent action spawns about 3,000 messages, starting with a "thunder cloud" of cables, then a steady flow of letters. "They [the offending governments] must never get the idea this is a one-shot affair," Osborg says.

Paid staff in London do fine-comb research on "prisoners of conscience," but in urgent-action cases there's not enough time to carry out such thorough investigations. AI, therefore, cannot be sure these prisoners have not themselves practised or advocated violence. So rather than ask for their release, letter writers plead for humane treatment. The campaign, however, has helped free such prisoners as South Vietnamese Thieu Thi Tuo, detained for "spreading Communist propaganda" before the Communist victory. She'd spent five years in prisons, including time in tiger cages of Con Son. Torture unbalanced her mind and partly paralysed her. Moreover, she had tuberculosis and heart trouble.

Osborg reads "as little as possible" on his urgent-action cases. "This has to be an unemotional office job," he says. "I too have a stomach and feelings and I just couldn't do my job if I knew all the details." He's been CAT co-ordinator for more than a year and expects to have the job throughout 1980, though there's talk CAT may be downgraded because "you can't have a campaign indefinitely."

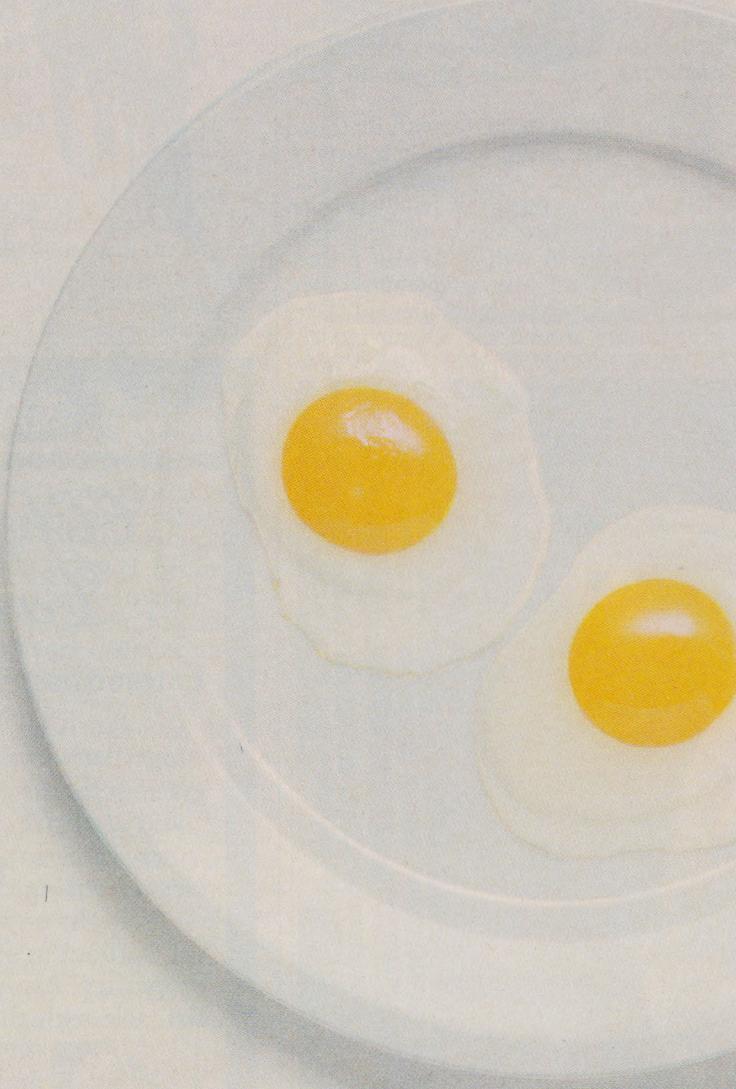
He's a brusque, intimidating man. He and his spry, 75-year-old wife, Doris, live in near isolation, and like it that way. He came from South Africa where, after serving in the forces, he helped set up health services for blacks as a "living" memorial to war casualties. "That," he says, "was the first time I felt I was doing something worth doing."

Osborg believes some U.S. companies manufacture torture devices for sale to Third-World countries but, despite such gloomy evidence of man's inhumanity to man, despite the number of political prisoners and official murders around the world, he remains optimistic. He believes in "the evolution and perfectibility of man." After all, he says, just 40 years ago there was no collective outcry against human-rights violations. Today, there is. He's up to his ears in it.

—Roma Senn

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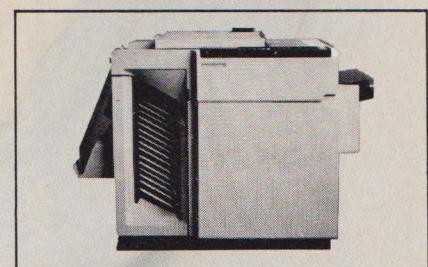
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Birds do it. Bees do it. But will monkeys in N.S. do it?

Dalhousie University hopes so. So do medical researchers across Canada

Jim Love has the perfect surname for his job: He's a full-time, professional match-maker—for monkeys. But the comedy of finding the equivalents for flowers and candy in the primitive world of apes belies the seriousness of the situation for scientists if Love's work should fail. As director of animal care at Dalhousie University in Halifax, he's been tapped by the federal government to set up a monkey-breeding centre in Nova Scotia because of a critical shortage of Rhesus monkeys, used for medical research. Love has little time to waste.

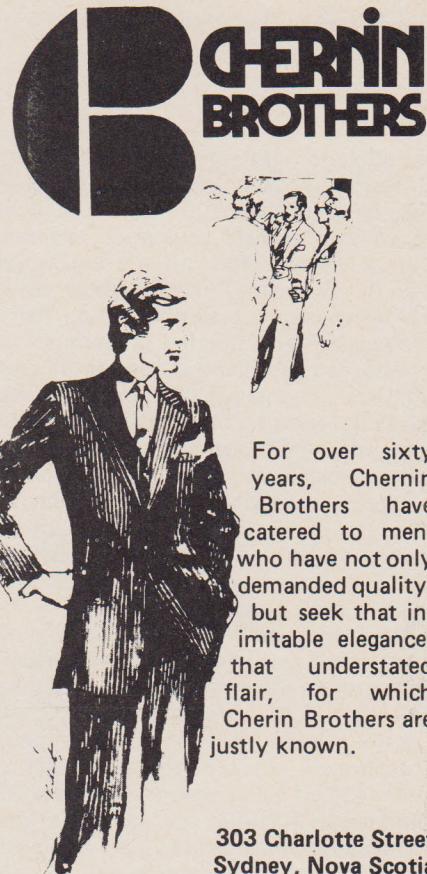
For almost a century, North American scientists have been plagued by the high cost of monkeys. Many human deaths and deformities might have been prevented if research on polio vaccine had gone ahead in 1909, instead of being postponed for decades because

monkeys were so expensive. In the past 10 years, prices for Rhesus monkeys, the most valuable research primate, have skyrocketed from \$100 to \$1,060 per animal. And there are few monkeys for sale—only 100 to Canada this year. "Our program will have to be established soon," Love says. "The reduction came quicker than most scientists realized, even though ecologists have been predicting this would happen for 20 years now."

The Rhesus monkey, with its thug-like face and brutish disposition, is a cherished animal among researchers. An "Old World monkey," its family origins date back close to man's, so its physiology is close as well. It is also prized for its size and easy adaptability. Because scientists have built many of their experiments around the Rhesus model, switching to a new kind of monkey now



Love and baboons: Will his breeding techniques work with Rhesus monkeys?



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would mean repeating many of their tests. Besides the polio vaccine, testing with these monkeys led to the discovery of the RH factor in blood, and made possible many achievements in modern surgery. The tragedy for the animals can be early death; but the benefits for humans are enormous.

The real difficulty in buying Rhesus monkeys began in 1978 when India, the major exporter, placed an embargo on their export. Stocks of Canadian research monkeys, purchased through American suppliers, were cut off. India's former prime minister Morarji Desai had two reasons for declaring the ban: The Americans had reneged on a 1958 agreement that the monkeys would not be put through often cruel biological and chemical warfare experiments. And inhumane trapping and transporting of monkeys in India, combined with their shrinking jungle habitat, had diminished their numbers. "The loss was fairly great. Let's not close our eyes on that," says one Ottawa health official.

Dalhousie plans to start with a colony of 75 monkeys, and create an artificial habitat where their social hierarchy will be the same as in their natural state. "We intend to approach their situation in the wild as closely as possible," Love says. Otherwise, he explains, it will be difficult to ensure second and third generation births, since behavior patterns in monkeys, including sex, are learned. He'll study the animals carefully before any attempts are made to mate them, drawing on his four years' experience breeding eight baboons in captivity. If the experiment succeeds, the mature offspring will be sent to research institutes across Canada.

Since any long-term breeding of monkeys in captivity is almost untried, the colony may grow slowly at first. Love suspects there may be details of successful monkey breeding locked away in Russian medical literature. During his first year, he'll aim for a success rate of at least 50%—25 offspring a year from every 50 mothers. Eventually, he'll try for 70% to 85%. Once the colony is established, captive monkeys should be better research material than wild ones: "It's the same as catching rats around wharfs. That's the level we're working on," Love says. "Once the monkeys' pedigree is known, the stock will be far superior."

From the monkey's perspective, the only hope of a ripe old age lies in certain new cell and tissue culture techniques that could eventually replace animals in medical experiments. But that's five years away, at least, and it will not eliminate their use entirely. Until then, there will always be a sad ending.

—Julianne Labreche



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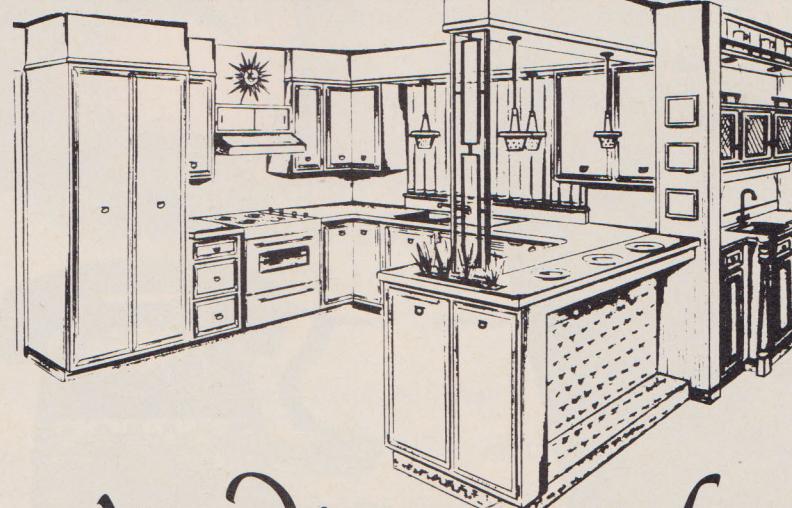
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Media

Peter Maher of Campbellton is "the Voice of the Leafs"

And he may be the happiest man in Canada

When Peter Maher was eight or nine years old, he used to play street hockey with the other kids in Campbellton, N.B., but he didn't just go charging about with a hockey stick, trying to flick a beat-up tennis ball between the hunks of snow that stood as goal posts; Maher kept up a running play-by-play of the action, including his own: "There goes Maher... he's working his way in...he's around the defence...he's all alone...he shoots, he scooorrressssss!!!

The other kids figured Peter's play-by-play was really neat—good voice, good pace—and they were absolutely right; today, you can hear him on radio stations across the country as the Voice of the Toronto Maple Leafs. He does the Leafs games, home and away, on CKO, which is in fact not one station but a string of FM outlets in major Canadian cities. Incredibly, he has realized his lifelong ambition.

You have to call it incredible when you consider that there are not a whole bunch of top jobs in Canada for play-by-play hockey commentators. The top jobs are in Toronto and Montreal and... that's it. And Peter Maher (pronounced Mar), whose boyhood hero was Foster Hewitt, now has Hewitt's old job.

The way he got it is a shining example of how single-minded determination pays off. When Maher was in high school, he landed a part-time job covering sports for CKNB in Campbellton,

reporting on the hockey fortunes of the Campbellton Tigers and the nearby Dalhousie Rangers, and the baseball adventures of the Campbellton Hawks and the Dalhousie Dodgers.

And he began writing a sports column, "Maher's Markings," for the weekly *Campbellton Graphic*, and covering sports for the *Moncton Transcript* and the *Saint John Telegraph-Journal*. It was all good training and, for a high school kid in the Fifties, it was pretty profitable too—Maher's income ran around \$70 or \$80 a week.

When he left high school, he joined the *Fredericton Gleaner*, worked part-time as a sports broadcaster for CFNB in Fredericton, and took English courses at University of New Brunswick. When the sports editor of *The Daily Gleaner* quit to study law, Maher took over his job. The managing editor of *The Journal-Gazette* in Fort Wayne, Ind., was visiting New Brunswick, fishing for salmon, when he spotted Maher's writings in the *Gleaner*. *The Journal-Gazette* needed a hockey writer and...

It was \$100 a week more, so why not? Maher spent the next four years covering the Fort Wayne Komets and running up hefty long distance bills talking to his girlfriend, Nancy Brown, back in Campbellton. In 1969 they were married, and Nancy moved to Fort Wayne—though not for long. "I still wanted to do play-by-play," Maher recalls, "and I realized that, to get

started, I'd have to begin at a radio station in a smaller place."

Where? Back to Campbellton, as sports director of CKNB—and the voice of both the Campbellton Tigers and the Dalhousie Rangers. And, not surprisingly, as stringer for newspapers. "I'd do the play-by-play, then I'd have to get my head into a different gear and dictate stories—and I could never take notes because I was doing the broadcast. It was great training, doing the play-by-play for two different teams because I had to learn not to be overenthusiastic about either one."

It was a couple of years ago when Maher read that CKO was going to take over the Maple Leaf hockey broadcasts from Foster Hewitt's radio station. "I phoned the president of CKO and asked who was going to be doing the play-by-play and he told me it was wide open."

Open indeed. Sixty-five sportscasters applied for the job, and the CKO people narrowed them down to three. One was Maher. All three visited Toronto for a test: Each did one period of a Leafs exhibition game in which Montreal whumped them 11-2.

Maher did the second period, flew back to Campbellton next morning and, an hour after he reached home, got the call. And last fall he moved to Toronto, or to be precise, to the town of Milton, about 20 miles west of Toronto.

As Maher talks, you'd swear you're hearing the happiest man in Canada. "The night before a game," he says, oozing enthusiasm, "I'll memorize the numbers of the players the Leafs will be playing. The next morning, I go to the rink, because both teams will be skating, and I look for other ways to identify them. Sometimes you can spot a player by the way he skates, perhaps with a very long stride."

"And I talk to the coaches and players, taping items to use during the broadcast. And I make notes about the players—I make sure I have one tidbit about each player. I may say, for instance, when I mention Tim Young of the North Stars, that he shares his apartment with a Doberman dog."

"Then I go home, or to my hotel, and go over my notes. I'm usually over-prepared. I get to the rink early in case there's an interview I can tape. If we're out of town, I check to make sure the line is hooked up properly. It's total concentration."

What's it worth? How much does Maher earn? He won't say, and maybe it doesn't matter; you get the idea that, if he had to, he'd do it all for nothing.

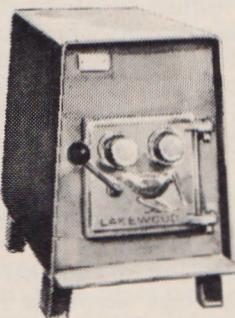
—Dick Brown



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His boyhood hero was Foster Hewitt. Now, he's got Hewitt's job

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Special Report

Windmills, wood stoves, and all that

Here's a grab-bag of Atlantic Canadian ideas, gadgets and gimmicks that could just be forerunners of energy sanity

By Robert Mariner

From the creation of the variable-pitch propeller and ice skates to the manufacture of newsprint and kerosene, the Atlantic provinces have historically spawned more than their share of inventions. Now, the region is responding to soaring fuel costs and the threat of shortages with fascinating technological innovations that may some day help solve its energy problems. What follows is a grab-bag of new Atlantic Canadian ideas for the shrewd use of renewable energy resources:

Big "eggbeaters" in Bay of Fundy

First, take a barge with a gearbox and generator on it and anchor it in the Bay of Fundy. Next, attach a big "eggbeater" under the barge, let the tides stir it, and *voilà*—electricity. The eggbeater is really a kind of watermill, and the whole system is something that Barry Davis of Nova Energy Ltd., Halifax, has cooked up. While a Newfoundland energy consultant labelled it "the herring chopper," the scheme impressed the National Research Council. The Council asked Davis to build a scale model for testing in its hydraulics lab, and Davis says that while the eggbeater's blades will turn with great force, they will not spin fast enough to make Solomon Gundy.

One promising location is the Minas Passage, a four-mile-wide, all-Nova Scotian extremity of the Bay of Fundy. It's deep enough to allow the 100-foot-long blades to be submerged below ice. The rock floor is good for anchoring barges and, along with the current, keeps the channel free of silt.

Davis dreams of seeing 100 barges in the passage, yielding up to half of Nova Scotia's electricity at a competitive price. Best of all, a single unit could be tried at a fairly low cost and, if it worked, power authorities might build five or so each year after that. This schedule might provide 20 years of high-grade employment in bluenose steel and shipyards. Another beauty of the plan is that any ecological damage the mills caused would not be irreversible. Removal of a few units would solve the problem.

Some propose dams at the mouths of rivers along the Fundy shore but the

trouble with dams is that they might destroy feeding grounds of migratory birds or fill with silt and be useless. Davis offers an alternative, but also says dams and eggbeaters might well complement one another. Their peak production times could be out of phase and, together, they could partially even out the tides' periodic energy.

A wood-burning furnace that's clean, clean, clean

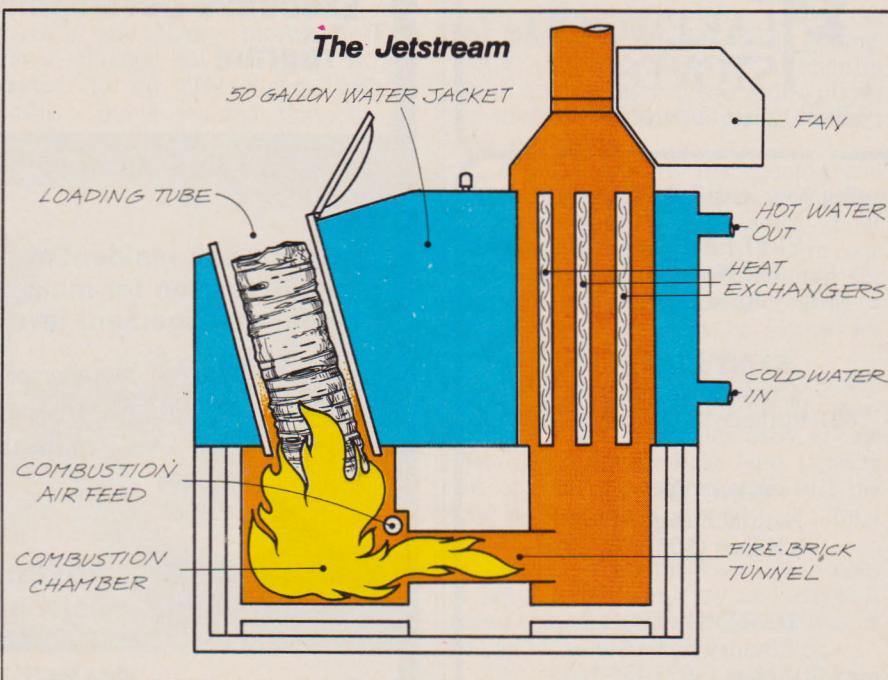
Home heating and hot water account for roughly 40% of the energy Atlantic Canada consumes but, given proper insulation, our abundant wood could fill the space- and water-heating needs of more than half our homes. Despite the inconvenience and the danger of chimney fires, many Atlantic Canadians have already switched to wood heat. It was not surprising then that, at an energy fair in Prince Edward Island last summer, the Jetstream Furnace caused quite a stir. It is virtually creosote-free.

Made by Hampton Technologies Corp., Charlottetown, the Jetstream burns even green softwood without creating creosote. The furnace transfers the heat to a water-storage tank, and from there, a thermostatic control

releases it to the house through either a hot-air or hot-water system. "The important features," Hampton's Roger Wright says, "are temperature, turbulence and time." The Jetstream achieves complete combustion by burning wood at extremely high heat, with a long flame path and an ideal fuel-to-air ratio.

A log up to three feet long and a foot in diameter slides into a tube. The log stands with only its end in the combustion chamber, and a jacket of water around the tube keeps the rest of it unscorched. As the log burns, it creeps down the tube, feeding the fuel to the fire and slowly releasing the gases that, in other furnaces, form creosote. A fan turbulently forces a constant air supply—matched to the constant fuel supply—into the fire, producing a 1600°F. inferno. A forced draft draws the burning gases into a heavy firebrick tube and, throughout its radiantly glowing length, they continue to burn. Finally, a heat exchanger, really a fancy array of pipes like a radiator, collects 83% of the heat that the combustion chamber creates.

It is a convenient system. To charge the tank with 24 hours of heat, you light the fire in the evening and keep it burning for just a few hours. Or, if you have a large tank and fully charge it by keeping a fire going all day, you would



not need to start the furnace again for several days.

Man and Resources Institute may be a winner, after all

Critics knock the three-year-old Institute for having failed to come up with anything concrete but Roger Wright of Hampton Technologies Corp. (see above) says, "The Jetstream Furnace wouldn't exist today if it hadn't been for the encouragement and support of the Institute....It has fostered research and development that's starting to pay off with products like ours." The Institute is the Island's chief agency for the development of renewable energy resources and, in this field, a major reason why the Island has surged ahead of the other Atlantic provinces.

The Institute is government-funded, but among all the Canadian agencies set up under federal-provincial agreements on renewable energy development, it's the only one that's not actually a government-run bureau. It's a private, non-profit agency that operates under government contracts and its director, Andy Wells, thinks this arrangement enables it to give leadership in ways government departments cannot. Some governments try to buy votes with energy subsidies and thereby discourage conservation, but the Institute declares the urgency of our adopting less energy-intensive lifestyles.

Co-op for woodburners

Wood burners tell sad tales about wet wood and about people who find they've paid cord prices for less than a cord. Such stories discourage potential wood burners, but the new Moncton Wood Energy Co-op may go some way

toward quietening the complaints. Their main goal is to supply members with dry hardwood at fair prices, with delivery optional. They'll provide wood in eight-foot lengths, cut, or cut and split. Members will get a newsletter with fresh information on safe wood burning, chimney cleaning, stoves and furnaces, and insurance companies that don't panic at the thought their premiums will go up someone's chimney.

The co-op is mostly a consumers' group, but it also hopes to help save small woodlot owners the cost of merchandising and, in time, to offer advice on woodlot management. Anne Ottow, a co-op founder, fears that, in the zeal

to burn wood, some people might wipe out whole sections of forest. "If we don't take care of the forest and the soil," she says, "wood won't be a renewable resource."

This churn turns wind into household heat

Dave Murray, Crowfield Associates, Crapaud, P.E.I., thinks wind power shows more promise in the Atlantic provinces than solar energy and, as though to prove it, he designed the Heat Churn. It turns wind energy directly into heat. The 100-gallon model, Murray says, could heat a large four-bedroom house. It's about as big as the Enterprise "Queen Cook" stove and con-

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Murray: Wind power's the thing

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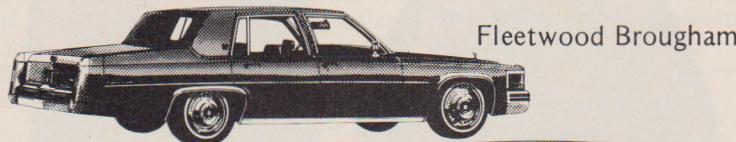
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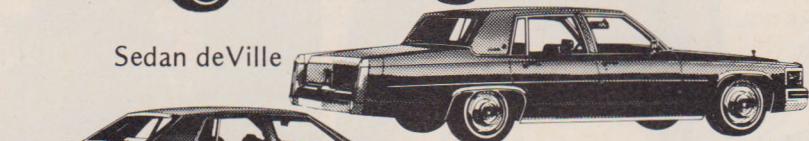
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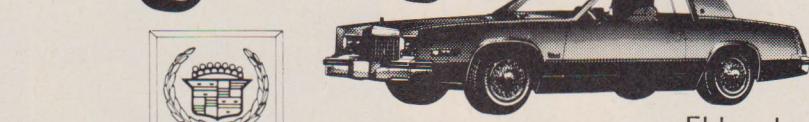
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Special Report

sists of a round section (the churn) and a big box (the reaction chamber). You bury it at the foot of a windmill. The windmill turns the churn's impeller, which resembles the agitator in a wringer washer.

While the windmill ticks along at cruising speed, the impeller hurls water—50 gallons per second—into the reaction tank, where it smacks into a metal plate and comes to an abrupt halt before the churn sucks it in for another round trip. The friction (the resistance of all that water being whipped around) creates heat. Some of the hot water shoots from the churn through a pipe system to a hot-water storage tank (2,000 to 5,000 gallons) in the basement. The cooler water at the bottom of the tank then circulates back to the churn. You tap the heat in the storage tank by either a hot-air or hot-water system.

The Heat Churn is 95% efficient across the whole range of wind speeds, and heats the water even when the impeller is moving slowly. Its peak heat production occurs when the wind is strongest, and this makes it specially suitable for buildings, such as greenhouses and old houses, in which good insulation is a problem and the heat loss is fast when the wind is fierce. Moreover, the windmill requires neither feathering nor an automatic brake. As wind speed increases so does the risk of the damage to any windmill but, in the churn, the water's skyrocketing resistance to motion acts as a direct brake.

It's the windmill that's the expensive part. But Murray is working on a design that should cut the cost to only a half or a third of the price of most windmills now on the market. "When the windmill's ready," he says, "the Heat Churn system will pay for itself in five to seven years, compared to the cost of heating with oil. That is, if you can even get oil by then."

Friends, inventors, countrymen,
bring us your windmills

On the northwest tip of P.E.I., near the North Cape lighthouse, the Institute of Man and Resources plans to run the 185-acre Atlantic Wind Test Facility. The idea is that the proud creators of wind machines, large and small, will bring their inventions from across Canada and the New England states to have their mettle and their metal tested in breezes that, in winter, often reach 60 mph. The devices that survive the wind, ice on their blades and salt on their surfaces—and still run efficiently—will win certification, and maybe bumper stickers reading, "I survived North Cape."

Even the average wind speed at

North Cape is high, which guarantees many hours of testing in a year. The chance for fair and useful comparison of assorted machines in the same conditions could lead to dramatic improvements in Atlantic Canadian wind technology. Meanwhile, by 1981, wind-driven electricity from North Cape will course through the Island's power grid and, for some Islanders, provide wind-browned toast for breakfast.

Putting it all together in your own tiny tornado

Dave Prentiss, an engineer with the Nova Scotia Research Foundation, has been conducting private research on vortex generators at his home in Lawrence-town, Halifax County. Unlike windmills, a vortex generator has no spinning blades. It's an open-ended cylinder that captures the wind and forces it to spin. It whips a breeze into a mini-tornado. As the tiny storm spirals out the top, the low pressure in its eye draws air into the bottom of the cylinder and sucks it through a turbogenerator. The result: Electricity.

The huge Grumman interests in the States are working on a big model for utility companies. Although theory and research have gaping holes, it looks as though a 100-kilowatt commercial vortex generator might be efficient enough to be both smaller and lighter than a 100-kilowatt windmill. This promises savings in the cost of support towers. Moreover, vortex generators shut down easily in potentially damaging winds.

Prentiss hopes to exploit these advantages to make a homeowner's model. His prototype is an open-ended oil drum with slits on the side to make vents. The vents protrude like big ears, and the ears catch wind from any direction. Inside the slits, plastic flaps trap the whirling air. Unfortunately, Prentiss's first experiments suggest a household model would be neither smaller nor cheaper than a conventional windmill. But a 20-kilowatt fibreglass vortex generator—perhaps a co-operative venture among several families—might well be cheaper than a 20-kilowatt windmill.

A lesson from a solar worm farm

As part of a diverse business, including consulting and marine survey work, Art MacKay of Marine Research Associates, Deer Island, N.B., raised *myxicola infundibulum*. That's a kind of marine worm. Neurophysiologists play shocking games with this worm's giant axon, the "conducting wire" of a neuron. MacKay took good care of his sought-after stock. He raised them in two identical buildings, in tanks of heated seawater. After years of using electricity to heat the buildings and seawater, MacKay hooked 72 square feet of solar collectors into one building, and

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Special Report

then compared the electricity consumption in the two. The experiment showed that, during February, the solar collectors reduced consumption in the test building by 20%.

A success? Well, not quite. MacKay noticed that a window that faced southeast in the building without solar collectors was providing solar heat on its own. Just to see what would happen, he blocked it off. In March, the building with solar panels used 70% less electricity than the one with the blocked-off window. All of which proved that a simple window facing southeast, and not even due south, supplied more heat than \$600 worth of solar collectors did. Moreover, holes later appeared in the collectors.

MacKay's experience would not have surprised delegates to the conference of the Solar Energy Society of Canada in P.E.I. last summer. Among them, the consensus was that *active* solar heat—that's heat gathered by collector panels and other devices—does not pay as a source of space heating. Not yet. It may, however, be economical as a way to preheat domestic water before it goes into the water heater.

Putting drain water to a very good use

In most homes, water heating devours energy second only to space heating. Don Finch, of Doucet, Finch and Associates, Ltd., St. John's, is developing a device to use heat in waste water to warm up the cold water bound for the household tank. He calls the warming apparatus the ECON tank. Waste water from kitchen and bathroom sinks, washing machine, bathtub and shower flows into the tank but, for reasons of sanitation, a valve diverts toilet water. (Toilet water is pretty cold anyway.) A coiled pipe, carrying water to the water heater, runs through the ECON tank. If the ECON tank is full when waste water runs into it, a float rises and lifts a plug in the bottom to drain off the cooler water. "There's nothing really new here," Finch says, "except that it's designed to let the average homeowner save energy. A Saturday plumber could buy it for \$100 or so, install it and within three years, it will pay for itself."

Air-tight house saves even your body heat

Some solar houses have odd shapes and expensive glistening protuberances that require constant adjustment or computer control. You hear a lot about them. But until now, designs that stress insulation and conservation have received far less attention. A house

design called Conserver One, created by Miller Solsearch, a Charlottetown firm of architects and planners, may just change all that.

Two Conserver One houses are already standing in the Hillsborough Development just outside the city, and renewable energy devotees are enthusiastic. Phil Thompson of Alternate Energy Consultants, Ltd., Halifax, has his share of cautious cynicism but, when he tells about Conserver One, he can scarcely conceal his excitement. "It's just like an ordinary house, right in the suburbs," he says. "A split entry house for \$35,000!" A policeman and a barber, not exactly candidates for a classy community, occupy the two Conserver One houses at Hillsborough. The only obviously unusual feature in the design is the roof, pitched for the later addition of a solar water heater.

What matters most are air-tightness and insulation. A vapor barrier surrounds the house, with no breaks in the walls for plumbing, heating, electrical outlets. These connections pass through the floor. The foundation is treated wood, which makes for easy fitting of basement insulation, and 80% of the windows face south. Some reports celebrate Conserver One's passive solar heat but it's not really a solar-heated house. The south windows provide only 20% of its winter heating requirements. It holds heat so well that 55% of its warmth comes from the residents' very own bodies, and from cooking, bathing, lights and appliances—"free" heat. A domestic water heater supplies the remaining 25%. It acts as the "furnace" for a baseboard heating system, since regular furnaces would overheat the house. The average family generates

"free" heat in the morning and evening, when it is most needed. The solar heat proved less useful, since its main effect was in midday when the houses were often vacant.

Ole Hammarlund, a Miller Solsearch architect, feels an active solar system won't pay for itself in Conserver One: "Most cost comparisons promoting [active] solar are rubbish. No solar components are as economically justifiable as insulation and conservation and, once you've built them in, you don't need solar." But he'll continue to design for passive solar heat. After all, 20% is 20%. Fans of sauerkraut, baked beans, garlic and onions

apparently need not fear. Conserver One dwellers have not complained of bad smells, stale air, or even stuffiness.

Some of these imaginative approaches to our energy problems suggest there's truth in the old idea that it's better to spend money on renewable energy than on nuclear energy; but even the most optimistic of the innovators insist that all the renewable-energy programs put together will not support our wastefulness. We must conserve. That won't always be painless but such creative designs as Conserver One seem to demonstrate that, under some conditions, conservation can be downright comfortable. □

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"Go home," his MD said. "It's just a cold." It was cancer

By Alden Nowlan

I've had misgivings about the medical profession ever since the day I learned the lump in my throat was cancer. Six months earlier, a doctor had diagnosed it as a cold. He had even made a little joke of it. He was obviously amused that a fellow like me, in the prime of life and built like a linebacker, would come running to the doctor with the snivels. The lump was a swollen gland, he said. It was harmless, the result of a respiratory infection. A common cold. I'm not certain that he winked at his nurse. But I know there was a wink in his voice.

Before I found out I had cancer, I imagined, as most people do, that the disease in all its forms and at every stage of its development involved horrible

physical suffering. This isn't true. I had also shared the common belief that when you're told that you have cancer you might just as well get measured for your coffin. That's not true either. I was tired most of the time, and a little hoarse; my neck was a bit stiff and there was a lump in my neck. The lump was almost painless. I've suffered more from a New Year's Day hangover.

So I went home from the doctor's office feeling I had wasted his time and, worse, behaved like an overgrown sissy. Why, growing up in rural Nova Scotia, I'd seen my father cut open his foot with an axe, spit tobacco juice in the wound, bandage it with a dirty handkerchief and go back to splitting firewood. It took me six months to screw up the nerve to see another doctor. I'd probably have waited longer—in fact, I'd



Nowlan: Something's "dreadfully wrong" probably have waited too long—if I hadn't had a nagging wife.

The second doctor didn't laugh. He ordered a blood test, an x-ray and a biopsy. Within two weeks I was in hospital, where I underwent three operations, two of which wouldn't have been necessary if the first doctor hadn't been a fool.

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Since then I've had to learn to live inside a different body, one that doesn't function with anything like the same efficiency as the old one. It's no worse, really, than driving a banged-up old car. I used to own a 10-year-old Chevrolet. I didn't dare pull out at an intersection if there was another car anywhere in sight, because when I pressed down hard on the gas pedal the motor stalled. That just about describes my physical condition today.

I'm no longer bitter about Dr. Dunce. There was a time when I wondered if I had grounds for suing him. However, I learned that in Canada a doctor isn't legally responsible for a wrong diagnosis. It is my impression that in this country a physician can do pretty much what he likes except for one thing. He can be punished if found guilty of sexually molesting a corpse.

There are fools and damn fools in every profession. But not every profession puts its members in a position to kill people. God knows how many people have suffered untimely deaths because of Dr. Dunce. For, surely, mine wasn't an isolated case. How many times has he diagnosed cancer as a common cold? Ten times? A hundred times? A thousand times?

I can't sue him, although because of his incompetence I underwent two unnecessary operations, for each of which, I've been told, the casualty rate is the same as the casualty rate at Dieppe. Yet if I gave you his name he could sue me, despite the fact that knowing his name might conceivably save your life.

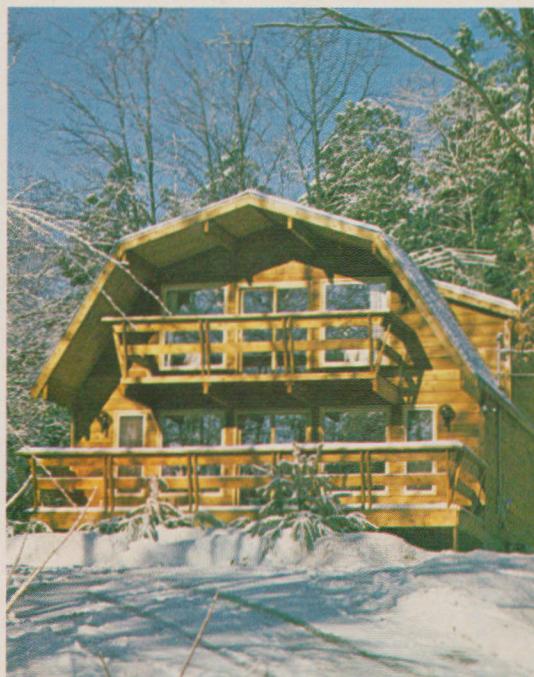
There's something dreadfully wrong here.

In theory, the MDs police themselves. Like the clergy in the middle ages. These matters are supposed to be beyond the ken of us poor lay folk. The difference is that the medieval church did sometimes defrock a priest. Occasionally, one was burnt at the stake. I don't propose that the medical societies go that far. But it would be reassuring if they'd occasionally slap a doctor on the wrist.

If a physician causes public embarrassment to the profession—say, by being convicted of violating the Criminal Code—then additional penalties may be imposed by his colleagues. He may even be deprived of his licence.

But this seems unfair. The man has already been punished by the state. Besides, it's conceivable that a man might be a criminal in the conventional sense and still be an extremely competent doctor.

I'd rather be examined and treated by a doctor who was a thief, a drug addict, a drunkard or a molester of small children, than by a doctor who couldn't tell the difference between cancer and the common cold.



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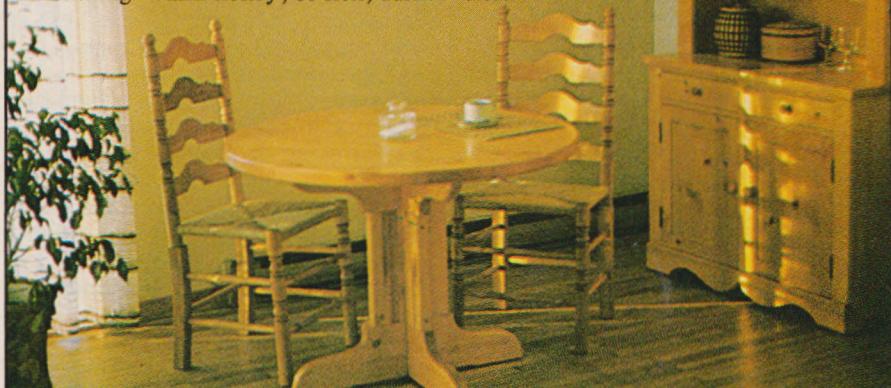
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Fishing is still "vital"

Tignish, P.E.I.

It's the end of the line in western P.E.I. It's the spirited home of Muckapucks, Dadools, Ernie Poopers, and other fine folk with weird names

By Kennedy Wells

When I was a boy in Alberton, P.E.I., what I knew about Tignish was that most of its people were Catholics, many were "French" (we never said Acadian), and they all stuck together. There was no such thing as a fight with just one guy from Tignish. Everybody called it "Tig-an-ish." In days when you could still travel the Island by rail and the schools made kids learn all the stations by heart, Tignish was the last stop at the western end of the CNR line.

It's only a dozen miles from Alberton, but in many ways it could have been in a different province. To be honest, I guess we felt a cut above the people there. In those days, only a generation ago, most Protestants felt superior to the Catholics, the Scots felt superior to everybody, and farmers felt superior to fishermen (who usually didn't own much land and were thought to spend too much on drink).

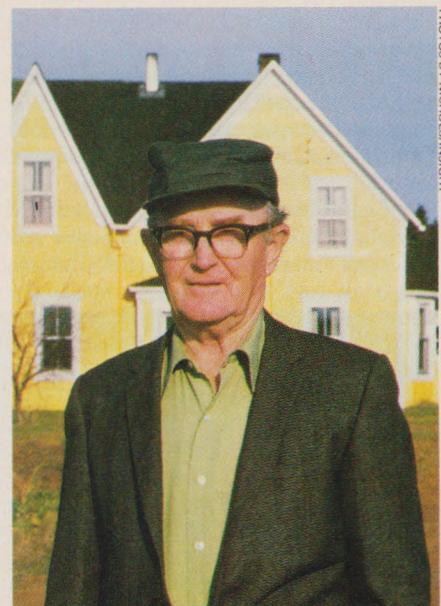
When I resettled in Alberton five years ago, I found some of these attitudes still survived. Alberton kids, for example, call rubber boots "Tignish hush-puppies" and kids from Tignish get the blame for fights at Alberton dances. But these days there's also a new respect for Tignish. Somehow, it has managed to retain its "community spirit," and that's something that, in so many other

Island communities, has all but died. What makes Tignish special? Part of the answer lies in its beginnings, and part in its identity as a "co-op town."

No one, Lord knows, would call it pretty. Though fishing is vital to Tignish, the town has none of the automatic charm of even the most shabby fishing village. This is because, for roughly a century, it has mostly clustered round the end of the rail-line, and that's a couple of miles inland from the harbor. The town straggles out into the flat farmland and scrubby bush and swamp that only a native of West Prince County can love.

Nor do many Tignish buildings have the charm of age. In 1896, the town suffered the kind of fire that levelled so many Island communities in a time of wooden buildings, coal-oil lanterns, and a hay-filled stable behind every house. The fire of '96 destroyed 62 buildings, but among those that survived was the splendid parish church of St. Simon and St. Jude. Built in 1860, its soaring spire still gives Tignish both an architectural and a spiritual focus.

The church is a key to the continuing theme of Tignish: Acadian and Irish Roman Catholics co-operating to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps. The church was the dream of Father Peter McIntyre, the first resident pastor of Tignish, and it replaced a log building raised in 1820. A New York architect designed St. Simon and St. Jude, but most of the work was entirely local. Father McIntyre himself selected the cornerstone—a huge boulder he'd found in a field near Kildare Cape. The foundation stones came by boat to Mail Pond, and then to Tignish in horse-drawn carts. And in a province where most rural churches are modest wooden structures, St. Simon and St. Jude



Handrahan is unofficial co-op archivist

was built of red Island bricks—more than half a million of them baked at Hughes's brickyard just south of the village. (Hughes's brickyard is now only a memory; the Island imports its bricks these days.) When the church was completed, the parish history states, a young workman "stood on his head on top of the steeple where the cross now stands, in sheer joy of work well done, then calmly slid down a rope to the ground."

St. Simon and St. Jude was the creation of the 300 Acadian and Irish families who then lived in the parish, and they worked under an Island-born priest of Irish descent. Such co-operation had not always been the rule. The first settlers were eight Acadian families who came by boat in 1799 from central P.E.I. They had escaped the great deportation by hiding out in the woods,



The parish church: Architectural, spiritual focus



Co-op movement binds community



In Tignish, as elsewhere, co-op began among fishermen



"No one would call Tignish pretty"

but feared increasing pressure from English settlers. They wanted to get as far from English settlements as they could; between Tignish and the Anglos in 1799, there was only trackless bush.

Those first families were named Poirier, Chiasson, Bernard, Gaudet, Richard and DesRoches and, the following year, the Doucets and the Arsenaults joined them. Most of the Poiriers have since become "Perry," some of the Chiassons are spelled "Chaisson" and many of the Gaudets are now pro-

nounced "Goody," but you can still find all those names in the Tignish phone listings.

It was not till 1811 that the Irish began to come from the Baie de Chaleur across Northumberland Strait. Those first Irish were named "Rielly," and Henri Gaudet, local historian, teacher and organist at St. Simon and St. Jude, says that one Peter Rielly was a proud man who tried to lord it over his Acadian neighbors. He was challenged to a fight by young Joe Bernard, and promptly broke a wooden spade over Bernard's head. But young Joe's skull survived, and he won the fight when he broke Rielly's nose.

That ended Rielly's attempts at domination and earned him and his descendants the nickname "shovel-splitters," which may also have been the first of the Tignish nicknames that now give the community characteristics of a secret society. No outsider can ever hope to know all the Tignish names, but to an insider they contain a wealth of personal history and almost an entire genealogy. For example, there are many Gaudets, but the "Prosper Gaudets" are a separate clan. There are Gavins in Alberton and Tignish, but only the Tignish Gavins are known as "The Dicks." Henri Gaudet (not a Prosper Gaudet)

says both families have long produced powerful men, and together amount to a formidable fighting force. Most of the DesRoches family are known as "Crow," but the same family has branches of "Hang-on" and "Fell-off" DesRoches. These spring from two brothers who were riding in the back of their father's wagon when it went over a bump. Among the Handrahans there are "Alley-cats," "Joe Cyprians" and "Charlie Billys." Some Gaudets are "Seagull" and a Gallant can be an "Ernie Pooper," a "Dadool," or a "Muckapuck." Doucettes can be "Geesebuoy," or "Sweet" or "Duck," and if you're from the Smith Road, you'll probably be called "Rabbit."

Nicknames often arise in small towns that have only a few family names, but in Tignish they also serve as a private language. They help *knit* the community and keep it distinct and defensively proud. Since the overwhelming majority of the people are Roman Catholic, the Church is another unifying force. And so is the co-op movement.

The co-op supermarket dominates the centre of the village, and the co-op service station is just across the supermarket's parking lot. The co-op building-supplies store and the Tignish Credit Union, the town's most important

Small Towns

financial institution, are just along the street. The co-op sawmill is on the road to the wharf and, at the wharf itself, you'll find the Tignish Fisheries Co-op. That's the outfit that started it all. Farmer Gerald Handrahan, unofficial archivist of the Tignish co-op movement, says it's really the movement that holds the community together, and few disagree.

It all began in 1923. Mainland buyers were paying 15 cents for lobster, but local fishermen were getting only five cents. At that price, they couldn't

union together during its first rocky years and throughout the Depression. The union sponsored the credit union, and in 1938 the first co-op store opened. By then, farmers had also joined the union and, in truth, many Tignish fishermen were also farmers, as they are today.

The most recent proof of the vigor of the co-op spirit is the Tignish Health Centre. It opened in 1973, and now offers dental, medical and pharmaceutical services. Ann Gavin, more than anyone else, brought the centre to

Tignish life, it's the rink. (Well, there are those who say it's The Legion, the only place west of O'Leary where you can get a drink; or the liquor store on the outskirts of town, the last place in West Prince where you can buy a bottle.) Though Tignish hockey teams have fallen on evil times, the rivalry with Summerside once inspired both legends and epic brawls. Gerry Keough, who chairs meetings of the village commission with his hat tilted over his eyes and his chair tipped back against the wall, made his local reputation as a scrappy coach and able rink manager.

Even Tignish people have a hard time analysing what gives the town its special vitality. I suggested to Henri Gaudet and Gerald Handrahan that religion must have been the big factor but, though both are Catholics, they were hesitant to agree. Handrahan said Protestants were among the first members of the Fishermen's Union, and Gaudet pointed to other non-Catholics who'd played an important role in the community. But what brought Irish and French-speaking Acadians together? Surely that must have been religion. Sure, but Gaudet says an important force here was also Gilbert Buote, founder and editor of the weekly *L'Impartial* (1893-1915). Buote sometimes published English-language editions and worked hard to bring the groups together.

My own guess is that the community spirit has something to do with the circumstances under which Tignish was first settled—that drawing-together in a place that was far from a hostile world. The idea that the world is hostile still lingers in Tignish, and causes a certain defensiveness at real or fancied slights.

This end of the Island has always been famous for lobster-poaching and, recently, for illegal tuna catches as well. The people sometimes take pride in that reputation and, in private, delight in telling yarns about clever poachers and midnight violence against fisheries wardens.

Given the cold shoulder by both provincial and federal governments, she hooked up with the co-operative movement and got a building charter and \$23,000. Later, a grant came from the federal Winter Works program. Tignish people bought shares at \$5 a crack, and local donations poured in. It was all typical of the Tignish way of doing things.

If anything rivals the Church and the co-op movement as mainsprings of



Keough: scrappy coach, able manager



Gaudet: teacher, historian, organist



Parish house: The Church matters



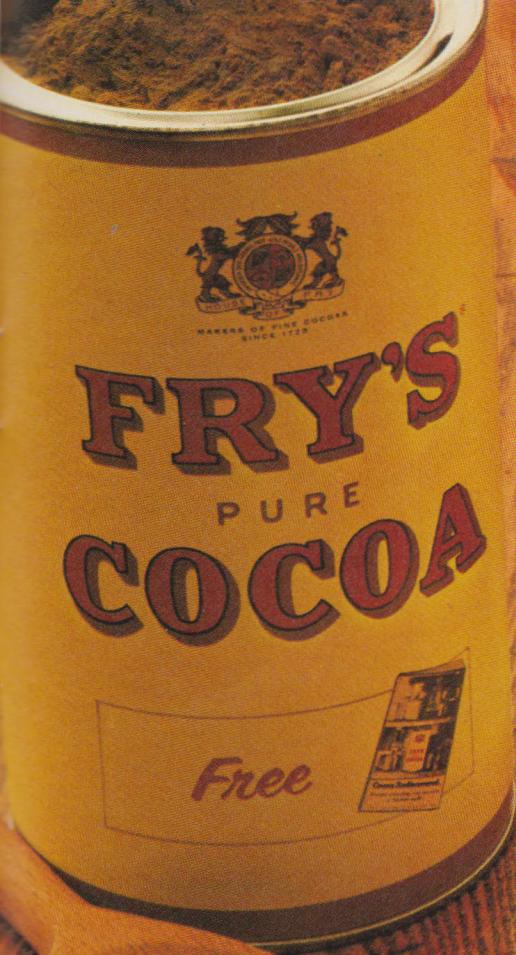
Men of "Tig-an-ish" are tough survivors

hope to get out of debt. The man who showed them the way was one of their own, Chester McCarthy. He was a fisherman, but one who'd been able to make fishing pay for his education as a lawyer. McCarthy brought 36 fishermen into a joint stock company called the Tignish Fishermen's Union. It gave its members a buying and selling power no individual could exert. Father Moses Coady, founder of the Antigonish Movement, once called McCarthy, "The only man in Canada qualified to be minister of Fisheries." Handrahan says McCarthy was not a "co-operator" by instinct, but rather a "conservative businessman" who saw the union as a smart commercial move. In any event, it was McCarthy's ability that held the

Tignish. After 45 years of nursing in New York, she came home to retire but promptly started a seven-year, arm-twisting campaign to get people to back a health centre. After it opened, she said of her campaign, "I was like a mosquito in June, picking at you."

Given the cold shoulder by both provincial and federal governments, she hooked up with the co-operative movement and got a building charter and \$23,000. Later, a grant came from the federal Winter Works program. Tignish people bought shares at \$5 a crack, and local donations poured in. It was all typical of the Tignish way of doing things.

If anything rivals the Church and the co-op movement as mainsprings of



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Cocoa-Cinnamon Drink

Place in large cup 1 teaspoon sugar, and 2 teaspoons sugar; mix together. Blend with 2 teaspoons until smooth. Stir in 1 cup hot milk, sprinkle with powdered cinnamon. Serve immediately. Yield 1 serving.

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1/2 cup baking powder
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup shortening
1/2 cup water
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mixed, add water and shortening
bake in oven 350° for 25-30 minutes
until cake is browned. Turn out on
a platter, let cool, then serve with
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Good old-fashioned wood stove cooking

For some, it beats electricity by a mile. And it's cosier, too

Susan Restino's second-hand wood stove cost only \$15, but there's nothing skimpy about the meals she cooks on it. They're hearty and nutritious, the kind that bring hungry guests—fresh from outdoor work or a day on the ski slopes—back for second and even third helpings. Restino, 36, has learned plenty about big appetites. She lives with her family on a farm outside Baddeck, N.S., and, luckily for other big eaters, she's published her recipes in *Mrs. Restino's Country Kitchen*, a wood stove cookbook.

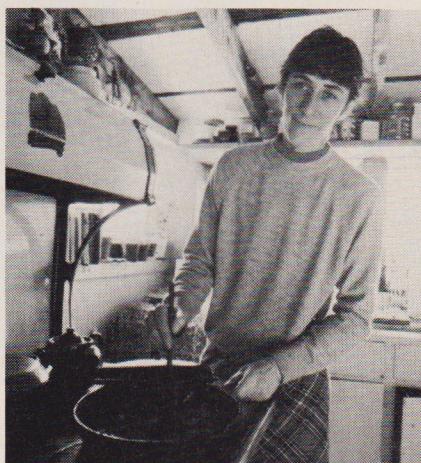
Although you *can* cook her dishes on an electric stove, Restino herself is no fan of electric cooking. The Restino house has no electricity. Their wood stove's "the heart and soul" of their existence and "we love it." After chores her husband Charley, Samantha, 12, and Carey, 6, warm up around the stove, dry their boots beside it and, best of all, feast on the meals she cooks on it.

Restino says a wood stove distributes heat more evenly than an electric one and makes baking taste especially good. The family lives mostly off the land. They grow their own vegetables, some fruit, raise sheep, chickens and goats, but Restino says they're not natural-food fanatics and even admits to using lard. Foods doused in chemicals don't pass her inspection, though. When currants bought through a co-op arrived labelled "fumigated," Restino cringed. She's become an expert on healthful eating and balances food types so her family gets what it needs.

Restino spends a couple of hours a day cooking, and bakes bread every five days. She likes the relaxed pace of wood stove cooking. When she's making a sauce she can melt the butter, "turn around and tie someone's lace" and not worry about it burning. She can add the flour, then tackle the dishes before finishing the sauce. But wood stove cooking does take some getting used to. Looking back on her own first attempts, she says, "It's a wonder I didn't burn the house down."

"A 4-H kid all my life," Restino grew up in a "real" Connecticut farm town. When she and her husband went looking "for a nice place to live" they craved a simple life, close to nature. It's not all romping in the fields, though. The work's hard and everyone has to pitch in but they find time to do

pleasurable things together. Restino likes the family closeness: "We couldn't have this kind of relationship in the city." They snowshoe through the woods, ski, enjoy the outdoors—and then, primed by fresh air and exercise, troop home for more of that good wood stove cooking.



Restino's no fan of electricity

French Style Bean Dish

1 cup white or navy beans
 3 cups cold water
 1 onion stuck with 2 cloves
 1 carrot, quartered
 1 piece ham fat or bacon
 1 tsp. pepper
 1 tsp. salt
 2 celery tops
 3 medium potatoes, cut into 1-inch pieces
 2 stalks celery, cut into 1-inch pieces
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ham or 1-2 cups cooked sausage
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. thyme
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. basil
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato juice

Soak beans in water overnight. When you are ready to start cooking, add next 7 ingredients, bring all to the boil and simmer, covered, for 1½ hours, adding water as needed to keep the sauce liquid. Remove celery tops and cloves, add last 6 ingredients and simmer for 30 minutes longer. Remove ham fat or bacon and carrot. Chop carrot and return to pot. Serves 4.

Stuffed Cabbage

1 small, compact winter cabbage
 1-2 cups cooked rice
 1 chopped, sautéed onion
 1 chopped, sautéed celery stalk
 2-3 chopped canned tomatoes

1 beaten egg
 1 tsp. curry powder

Remove any loose outside leaves from the cabbage. Slice about 2 inches off the top and scoop out the inside with a sharp spoon and a small knife. Steam cabbage, upside down, in heavy pan for 10 minutes. After removing it you should be able to scoop out some more. Mix last 6 ingredients and stuff cabbage. Return to pan, right side up, and steam 15 to 20 minutes. You can slice the cabbage as you would a pie. Serve with a light tomato sauce made of canned tomatoes, onion and oregano cooked for 10 minutes. Serves 4.

Yogurt Cheesecake Crust

1½ cups graham cracker, oatmeal cookie or gingerbread crumbs
 1/3 cup melted butter
 2 tbsp. brown sugar
 1 tsp. cinnamon

Mix the ingredients and press into a 9-inch pie plate or springform pan. Bake at 350°F for 15 minutes.

Filling

4 cups home-made yogurt
 2 egg yolks
 1 whole egg
 1 grated lemon rind
 1 cup sugar

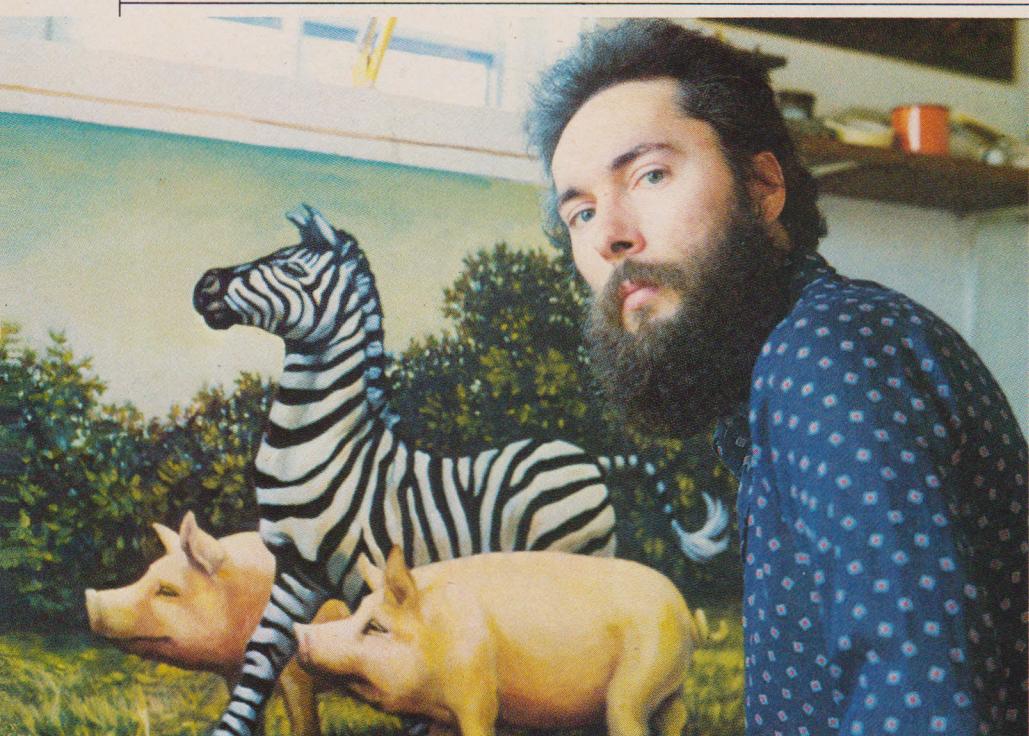
Yogurt should be thick, so use yogurt that has been made with 1 cup dried skim milk added to the fresh skim milk. Line a bowl with 4 layers of cheesecloth and pour in yogurt. Tie up the cheesecloth and hang it up to drain for 2 hours or until yogurt is reduced to about 2 cups. Scrape it into a bowl, add egg yolks, and whole egg beaten in the lemon rind. Sugar to taste, since each batch of yogurt is different. You may need more, or less, than a cup of sugar. Put mixture into the crumb shell and cook at 300°F for 30 minutes or until top begins to swell and crack.

Topping

1½ cups cranberries
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
 1 cup sugar
 2 tbsp. cornstarch
 2 tbsp. water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. almond extract

Simmer cranberries for 30 minutes. Mix cornstarch with water and add to cranberries, stirring until mixture is thick and clear. Remove from heat, cool to room temperature and add almond extract. Pour over top of cheesecake. ☒





He's not a surrealist, he's a dream machine

Brian Porter, Yarmouth artist, shows you "another world"

Brian Porter, Yarmouth, N.S., paints his own weird dreams. Some argue this makes him a surrealist but, like other artists, Porter distrusts labels on his work. He paints his dreams simply because "they are the most exciting thing, visually, that's happening to me. If I started to see things *out there*, if landscape started to look more exciting than my dreams, then I'd do that." Clearly, his work is neither fashionably abstract nor fashionably magic realist. His magic is peculiarly his own. His realism has "a twist." You'll never find a lion and a polar bear prowling the foreground of a rural scene that Dartmouth realist Tom Forrestall has painted. But they are there, bigger than life, in Porter's "Farmhouse."

His "Duck Woman" has ducks' heads for hands, cloven hoofs for feet. Another of his early creations (or monsters) combined parts of man, animal, bird and canoe. Porter leaves the psychoanalysis of his work to others, but one recent painting, "The Connoisseurs," may be an unconscious comment on what he does. In it, three clowns—stock characters in his dreams—view

a canvas. Their faces show delight, hilarity, shock. Real viewers, like the clowns, cannot look upon Porter's work with indifference.

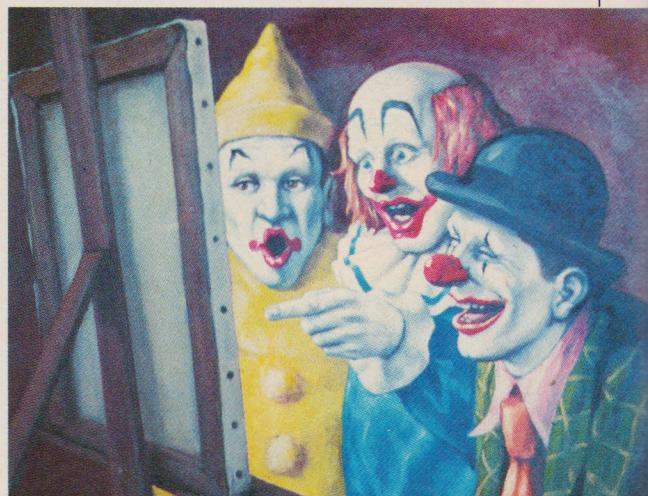
Henry Luce III, heir to the founder of *Time*, was one early viewer who responded to a Porter painting with something more than indifference. He bought it. Other buyers include the Art Bank of Nova Scotia and Dalhousie University. Porter has had five one-man shows in Halifax, and his work appeared in a two-man show at a top Toronto gallery. It was also part of *Canadian Canvas*, the travelling exhibition that *Time* sponsored in 1975-76. Porter flatly refuses to discuss his prices, but you're unlikely to pick up one of his larger canvases for under \$1,500.

Though a self-confessed "city person," he and his wife Elayne were "seduced back" to his home town in '75. They'd met as students at the Nova Scotia College

of Art and Design and become vaguely discontented with Halifax. Then they saw an ad for a one-room house at Yarmouth, price \$450. They snapped it up, added a tiny kitchen and curtained-off bedroom, still use an outhouse. The result of this decidedly non-urban life is that both can afford to paint, which eases their sense of isolation. "Thank God," Porter says. "If Elayne wasn't a painter, or I wasn't, the other one would have no one to understand what they're doing." They no longer dream of bundling their four cats into a decrepit car and heading for New York.

Porter's dreams, and therefore his paintings, are not as bizarre as they used to be. If not probable, they are at least plausible. In "The Ride," for instance, men sit on running tigers. Porter feels the shift contributed to his first commercially successful one-man show, sponsored last spring by the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. He thinks the new works have more power than the old because "they're more relevant to *here*." For this show, he switched from colored pencils to oils, which enabled him to strengthen atmosphere. "I like a strong mood," he says. "It doesn't matter what it is."

In "The Storm," a panic-stricken clown, a white circus dog and trumpeting elephants flee under an ominous sky, and the wind blows a trapeze artist backward. A camel philosophically eyes the whole scene. Such canvases invite stories. Like a child, you invent a yarn to match the image. "My initial inspiration stems right back to childhood," Porter says. "I look back, I see certain pictures and the feelings I got from them." As a boy, he copied comics and children's book illustrations and, even now, he keeps a scrapbook of reproductions and photos he likes. At art school, "I sucked up the academic approach.



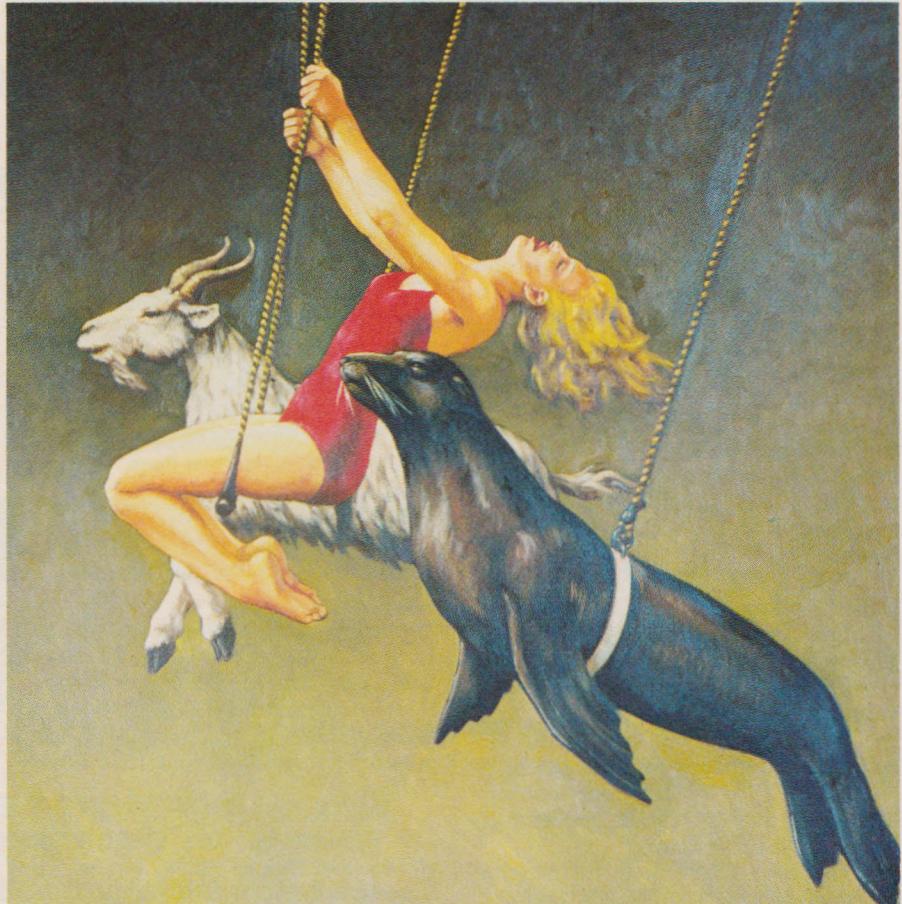
"The Connoisseurs": In talk and art, Porter has comic bent

My painting took a shift from the spontaneous. I went from *Mad* magazine to academic oil painting."

The painting of his dreams began after graduation. They appear to him as still images, like illustrations for a lost text. He feels they have returned him to a childhood state of grace in which fantasy blurs into reality. "When you're little," he says, "you don't realize that the funnies are imaginary. They might have been front-page news." One of his favorites was *Mandrake the Magician*.

There's a comic bent to Porter's conversation and to many of his paintings. It's as if he were mocking the intellectual "puffery" that surrounds much of the *avant-garde* in art. In "Jester with Banjo," a child looks out from a visceral rumble seat inside the jester's torso. Man and child are the same person. Each wears the same grin. Don't ask Porter why. Maybe the meaning is this: The man, wise in his choice of career, has not sacrificed the child within. Why should he? As philosopher Jean Jacques Rousseau put it, "Childhood has ways of seeing, thinking and feeling peculiar to itself; nothing can be more foolish than to substitute our ways for them." Brian Porter, it seems, did not.

—Harry Thurston



"Trapeze" (right) and "The Storm" (below):
Realism with a twist



Calendar

NEW BRUNSWICK

Feb. — Theatre New Brunswick presents, "Free At Last," Feb. 16, 18 - 23, Fredericton; Feb. 25, St. Stephen; Feb. 26, Edmundston; Feb. 27 Campbellton; Feb. 28, Dalhousie; Feb. 29, Bathurst;

Feb. — N.B. Hawks play - Feb. 2, Binghamton; Feb. 5, 7, 28 Springfield; Feb. 10, Nova Scotia; Feb. 13, Rochester; Feb. 19, 23, Maine

Feb. 1 - 10 — Winter Carnival, Shédiac

Feb. 3 - 9 — Ladies' N.B. Baxter Dairies Seniors Bonspiel, Campbellton

Feb. 4 — Fraser and Friends: Vancouver Jazz Combo, Fredericton

Feb. 7 — Nexus: Percussionists, Mount Allison University, Sackville

Feb. 9, 10 — Maritime Marathon (ski tour) Woodstock to Fredericton

Feb. 12 — Noon-hour concert: Brunswick String Quartet, Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton

Feb. 14 - 17 — Mixed N.B. Seagram Bonspiel, Newcastle

Feb. 14 - 17 — Second Annual Old-Timers Hockey Tournament, Moncton

Feb. 15 - March 15 — Gordon Rayner: Retrospective, Beaverbrook Art Gallery

Feb. 20 — Robert White: Tenor, Mount Allison University

Feb. 23, 24 — N.B. Cup, Alpine Race, Sussex

Feb. 26 — The Judy Jarvis Dance Company, The Playhouse, Fredericton



Lunenburg images by Peter Barss

NOVA SCOTIA

Feb. — N.S. Voyageurs play — Feb. 1, Binghamton; Feb. 3, 26, 29, Springfield; Feb. 12, 15, Rochester; Feb. 17, New Brunswick; Feb. 22, 24, Maine

Feb. 1 - 10 — Neptune Theatre presents "How the Other Half Loves," Halifax

Feb. 1 - 10 — Sixth Annual University Community Art, Craft, Baking, Hobby and Talent Show, Mount Saint Vincent Art Gallery, Halifax

Feb. 1 - 12 — Images of Lunenburg County: Photographs by Peter Barss, Sherbrooke Village

Feb. 1 - 24 — Louis Stokes: Sculpture, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

Feb. 1 - 28 — Ken Gilmore: Oil paintings, N.S. Museum, Halifax

Feb. 1 - March 16 — Elitekey: Exhibit of Micmac Material Culture, N.S. Museum

Feb. 3 — Nexus: Percussionists, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Feb. 6 — The Orford String Quartet with Maureen Forrester, Dalhousie Arts Centre

Feb. 6 - 17 — The 1980 Floor Show: Music, song, dance, vaudeville style, Theatre 1707, Halifax

Feb. 7 - March 9 — Fifth Dalhousie Drawing Exhibition, Dalhousie Art Gallery

Feb. 8 - 16 — Winter Carnival, Dartmouth

Feb. 14 — Los Indios Tabajaras: Guitarists, Dalhousie Arts Centre

Feb. 15 - March 9 — Seaform Variations: Sculpture by Ken Guild, Mount Saint Vincent Art Gallery

Feb. 15 - March 9 — A Retrospective of Prints by Edward Porter, Mount Saint Vincent Art Gallery

Feb. 25, 26 — Atlantic Symphony Orchestra performs "Romeo and Juliet," Dalhousie Arts Centre

Feb. 28 - March 30 — Bolivian Weaving: From the looms of the Andes, Dalhousie Art Gallery

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Feb. 1 - 17 — Inuit Games and Contests: The Clifford E. Lee Collection, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Feb. 5 — Orford String Quartet With Maureen Forrester, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Feb. 6 - March 2 — Ferryland Downs: Paintings by Gerald Squires, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Feb. 9, 10 — Third Atlantic Craft Trade Show, Charlottetown

Feb. 13 - March 9 — Ian Trowell: Sculpture, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Feb. 14 — Don McLean: Singer ("American Pie"), Confederation Centre

Feb. 28 — CBC Country Roads, Confederation Centre

NEWFOUNDLAND

Feb. 1 - 3 — Men's Provincial Curling Championships, Corner Brook

Feb. 1 - 5 — The Carlton Showband, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Feb. 1 - 15 — Lisa Sorenson: Paintings and drawings, Corner Brook

Feb. 1 - 15 — William Kurelek: Prairie Boy's Summer, Grand Falls

Feb. 2, 3 — Nfld. "B" Women's and Men's Broomball Championships, Clarenville

Feb. 6 - March 1 — John Fox: Paintings, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Feb. 12, 13 — Dan Hill: Singer, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Feb. 15 — José Greco: Master of Spanish Dance, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Feb. 15 - 17 — Nfld. Figure Skating Provincial Championships, Gander

Feb. 16, 17 — Provincial Cross-Country Ski Championships, Grand Falls

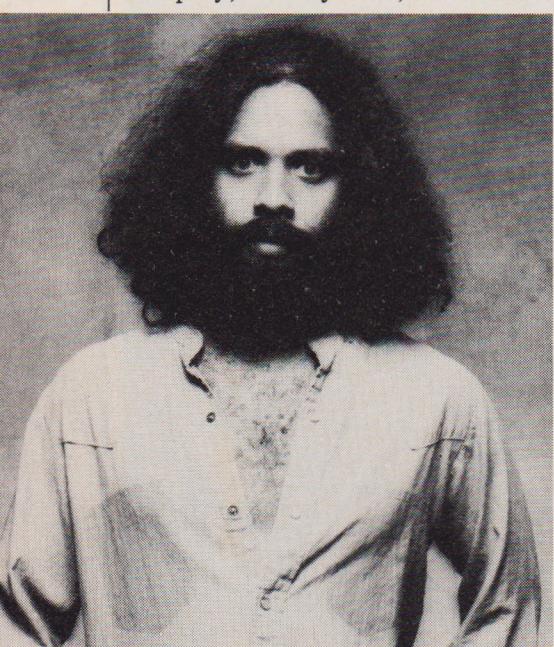
Feb. 20 - March 2 — Kiwanis Music Festival, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Feb. 21 - April 10 — Nfld. Photography Exhibit, Nfld. Museum, St. John's

Feb. 24 - March 2 — Winter Carnival, Corner Brook

Feb. 25 - March 1 — Winter Carnival, Stephenville

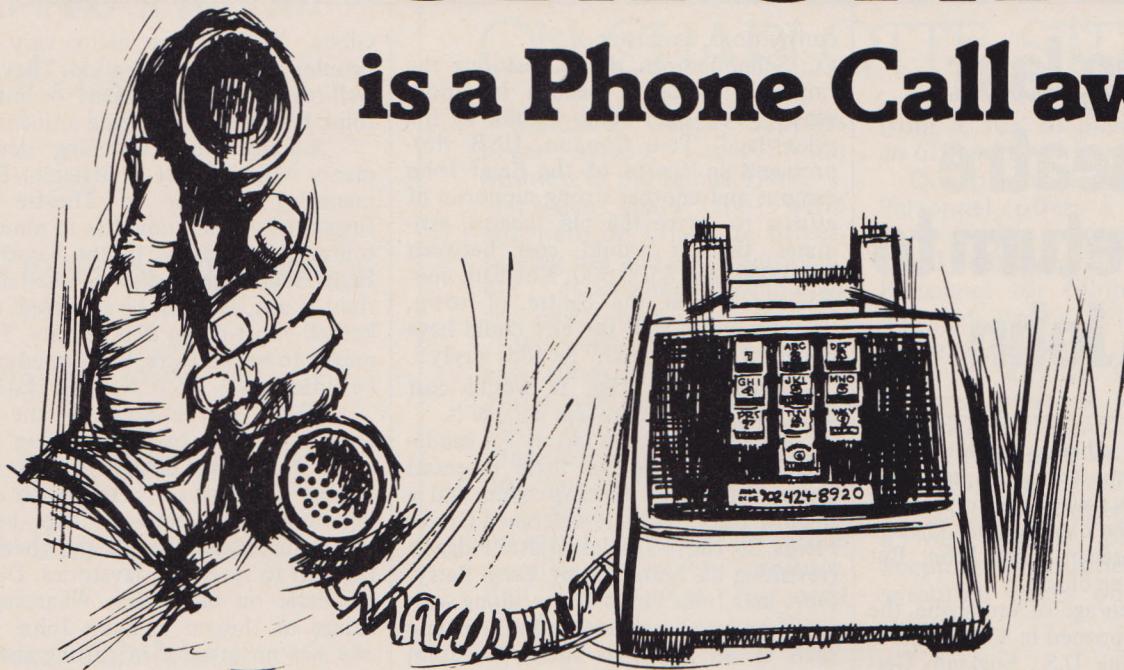
Feb. 27 — Karen Quinton: Piano recital Arts and Culture Centre, Stephenville



Dan Hill, St. John's-bound

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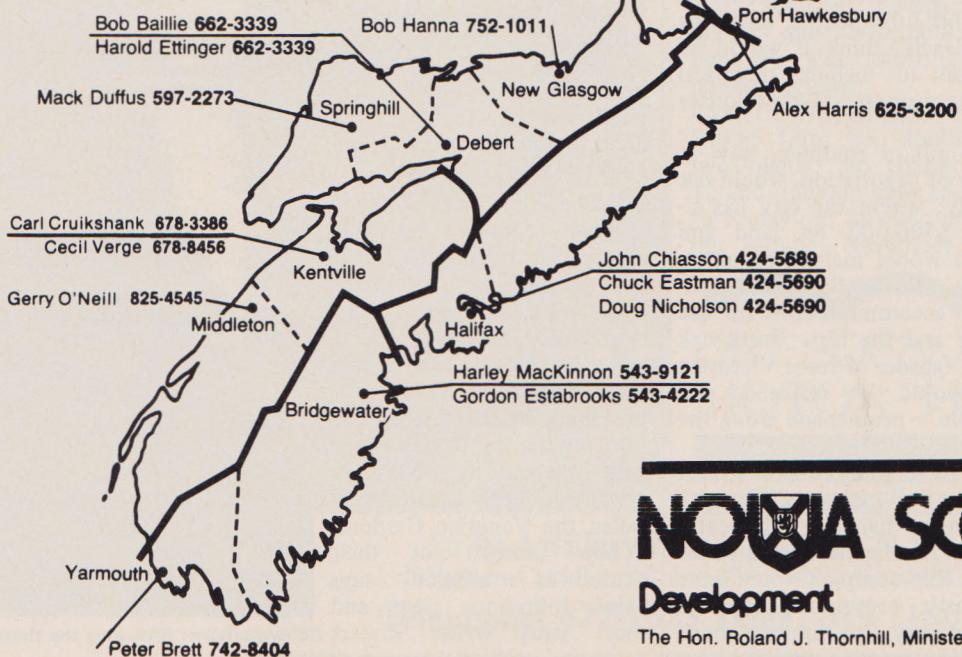


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NOVA SCOTIA
Development
The Hon. Roland J. Thornhill, Minister

Theatre

At long last, live theatre may return to Saint John

If an informal alliance of downtown businessmen, theatre lovers and history buffs has its way, the curtain will go up again at the old Imperial Theatre on King's Square in Saint John. But there's a stumbling block.

In the golden age of vaudeville, the Imperial, which opened in 1913, presented acts from the U.S., England, Germany and France, among them the young George Burns and Gracie Allen. The talkies killed it. In 1929 it was transformed into the Capitol Theatre, strictly a motion picture house, which in turn succumbed to television in the 1950s. Since then, the building has housed the Full Gospel Assembly.

"I'm extremely optimistic," says Barbara Schermerhorn, president of the Central Business Development Corporation. It's been holding "very informal talks" with the Full Gospel Assembly, with a view to buying the building. Consultants have assured the Corporation the edifice is structurally sound and still usable for live theatre. The church wants to sell. The stumbling block is that some Saint John people, including Mayor Sam Davis, think it would be more practical to include theatrical facilities in the proposed Market Square complex.

The \$70-million complex, now in the final stage of negotiation, would rise at Market Slip, where the city has already spent \$700,000 on land and demolition. It would include an apartment building, two hotels, stores, offices, and new accommodations for the public library and the New Brunswick Museum. The facades of some Victorian warehouses would be restored; and there would be a promenade along the waterfront.

"I think we're going to have to cast aside sentiment," Davis says. "The city needs a lot more than the old theatre can give us. A theatre or theatres in the Market Slip complex would serve both the artistic community and the business community. I'm thinking about

conventions, for instance."

Schermerhorn thinks restoring the Imperial "makes a helluva lot more sense." For one thing, "Look at the price tag." Tom Condon, UNB vice-president in charge of the Saint John campus and another strong supporter of efforts to revive the old theatre, estimates that it would cost between \$300,000 and \$500,000. Not bad, considering it's in the centre of town. "Twelve years ago, the city could have bought it for \$50,000," he adds wryly.

Davis replies that it would cost \$3.5 million to restore and enlarge it.

Having been used largely for vaudeville, the Imperial has little rehearsal space, very small dressing-rooms and a shallow stage. Once, it welcomed Gracie Fields, Sir Harry Lauder, Walter Pidgeon (revisiting his home town), Ethel Barrymore and John Philip Sousa, along with actors and actresses famous in their time such as Sir Seymour Hicks, Sir John Martin Harvey and Ellaline Terriss. It featured highwire artists, bear trainers, magicians, the Boston Opera Company and a Wednesday night sing-song.

"It would be hard to equal the acoustics," says Monty Chase, who retired last year after 38 years as a projectionist, 16 of them at the Imperial-Capitol. "We never used any kind of amplifying device for the stage shows." Bert Burgoyne, associate editor of the *Telegraph-Journal*, saw his (and the world's) first talkie there. It was *The Jazz Singer* with Al Jolson. He also recalls an operetta during which one of the boys in the chorus stepped on the hem of a girl's gown. "Get your damn feet off my dress," she whispered, and 1,400 people heard her.

The Full Gospel Assembly was founded by twin sisters, Carro and Susie Davis, who grew up on a plantation in Georgia. Converts to the charismatic movement, they came to Saint John in the early 1930s and began by preaching in the streets. Before buying the theatre, they held services in what had previously been a dance hall called the Venetian Gardens. "They thought of their church as a mission," says Saint John-born poet and short story writer Robert

Gibbs. "There were many very poor people in their congregation. They were well-read, very intelligent women. I think they were a civilizing influence."

Among those watching developments with interest is Malcolm Black, managing director of Theatre New Brunswick, which now has to mount its touring productions in the Saint John High School auditorium. The auditorium is not, as might be expected, a basketball court doing double duty. It was meant to be a theatre, but turned out to be a disaster.

"When you're sitting in the audience you seem to be a million miles away from the stage," drama critic Joanne Claus says. There are no dressing-rooms. The actors change behind screens in an area that theatre goers pass through to reach the lavatories. Davis is emphatic on one point. Whatever the future of theatre in Saint John, "The city has no interest in getting involved financially."

— Alden Nowlan



Schermerhorn: Restoring the theatre makes sense

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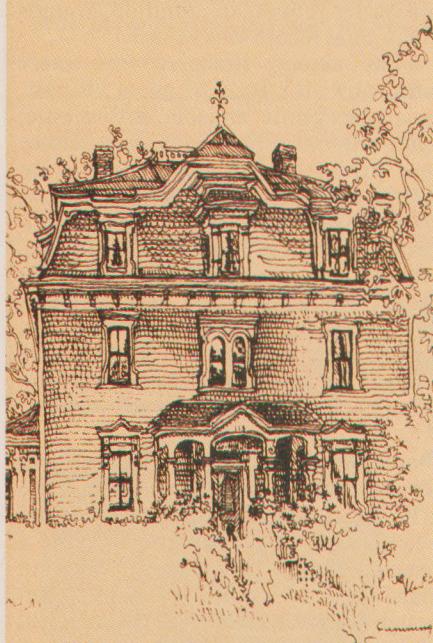
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Roger (Go Boy) Caron plans trip down east

Only this time he's a writer, not a bank robber

The last time Roger Caron visited the Maritimes, he wasn't your typical down-east tourist. He arrived in Saint John, N.B., with a small arsenal, and a reputation so notorious newspapers dubbed him "Mad Dog Caron." On that trip, Caron and four Montreal buddies pulled off a \$53,000 heist at the Bank of Nova Scotia in Saint John's west end. He remembers toting a shotgun, shouting, "Touch that alarm and I'll blow your feet off!" Now, after 17 years away, Caron is planning another trip east. But this time with a different

chronicling the violent 1971 Kingston Penitentiary riot.

Caron was released on parole 11 months ago and, despite his being a celebrity, has been leading a quiet, mostly solitary life. His only police run-in, so far, was over a speeding ticket. He lives alone in a spotless ninth-floor Ottawa apartment that overlooks parks and the Parliament Buildings. He ventures out only occasionally, for groceries, jogs or press interviews. Mainly, he works, painfully re-creating on paper the nightmare of the Kingston riot: "This book is making me a prisoner of myself."

Go Boy took him nearly 16 years

out to be a best seller.

Caron grew up in Cornwall, Ont., during the Second World War. His father was a bootlegger and alcoholic, and his mother had little time for him. She had 13 other children. At 16, he was sent to the Guelph reformatory on a break-and-enter charge. After that, he quickly learned the inmates' code of ethics: Survival of the fittest in a brutalizing jungle.

Caron knows he made mistakes. He knows, too, that he paid for them. He served more than half his life behind bars, some in eastern Canada. Shortly after finishing one prison term in '59, he cracked open a safe and promptly found himself in the Fredericton county jail. After assaulting two guards, he escaped from there, got caught, went to the federal pen at Dorchester. Years later, captured once again, Caron became the first criminal Dorchester refused to admit on grounds his criminal record was so bad.

But among strangers who meet Caron now, it's hard to guess his past. He appears gentle, amiable, enthusiastic, highly literate. Since his last release from prison he has made a few close friends, and if he were not such a loner, could easily make more. He has girlfriends—the most recent is a criminologist—and maintains close family ties. He doesn't drink much and never smokes. "My idea of a good time is to go on picnics, long walks in the park or play tennis," he says. Also, he makes skydiving jumps at 5,000 feet.

Caron looks forward to his trip down east (still unscheduled). This time he'll be travelling with the federal Solicitor-General's Department on a speaking tour. "My favorite city in Canada is Fredericton," he says, "even though I was incarcerated there. I still think the people are very friendly." He'll be telling audiences how he learned the hard way that crime doesn't pay. He's not noticeably bitter about his lost years. He'd like just to forget them. But his past occasionally comes back to haunt him. He jokes now when he remembers a woman parole officer who, while acting strangely resentful toward him, almost refused to grant him his parole a year ago. Later, he learned that one of the customers he had locked in a vault during that Saint John robbery was her parish priest.

— Julianne Labreche



"Mad Dog Caron" made mistakes—and paid for them

claim to fame.

Caron is a reformed con. At 41, he's also a highly successful author. His first book, *Go Boy*, won the Governor-General's Award for non-fiction in '79. *Go Boy* is a vivid autobiography of his crimes, escape chases and 23 years behind cell doors. The book has helped pave Caron's way to going straight. "I've discovered the power of words over the power of brute, physical force," he says. The hardcover version of *Go Boy* (a prison slang chant meaning an escape to freedom) has gone through its second printing, and in late '79 the paperback edition came out. Now Caron is deep into his second book,

to write. The inspiration came to him while he was enduring solitary confinement at Kingston in 1963. With a bag of colored jelly beans that the Salvation Army left for him he spelled words on the concrete floor. This gave him such satisfaction that he soon asked for scribblers, pencils and a dictionary: "I barely knew how to spell cat or dog. I'd had only a Grade 7 education." He became a compulsive writer. He wrote till his hands bled, and kept on writing. When he finished the manuscript, assorted publishers rejected it, but eventually Pierre Berton saw its potential and encouraged McGraw-Hill Ryerson of Toronto to publish it. *Go Boy* turned

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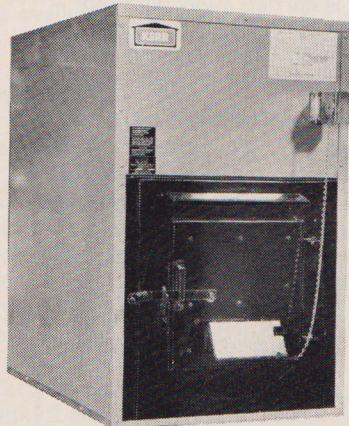
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Dalton Camp's column

Exclusive interview with ideal candidate



As the campaign heats up, remember where you read about him first

Jack Smith, the federal candidate for the constituency of Bogus Green in the February 18 general election, has been described as "the ideal politician for the Eighties" by some and as "a menace to the political system" by others. So that readers may decide for themselves which of these Smith might really be, your correspondent went to Bogus Green to interview the man who has quickly become Canada's most controversial candidate. I talked to him over a cup of mint tea, in his kitchen.

Me: "Why did you decide to become a candidate?"

Smith: "I didn't. The party had its nominating convention on the night of the big storm back in January, and my car got stuck in a drift so I went into the Legion Hall to get warm. They needed one more person to make it a quorum and I agreed to oblige. There were only six people there and, after a lot of talk, we agreed to draw straws to see who the candidate would be. I lost, so I'm the candidate."

Me: I hear you made a remarkable acceptance speech.

Smith: I just told them that if enough people in Bogus Green wanted to send me to Ottawa for a few months, I'd go. We've been having elections on an average of every 27 months for the past 23 years, so it's no big deal. If I don't like it up there, or if the people here don't like me being up there, I'll be glad to come on back home and do something useful.

Me: You don't think being an MP is useful.

Smith: It's necessary, but not useful. How can you say it's useful when the government goes on whether the MPs are there or not? We've had 10 elections in 23 years and three changes of government, and that means we've had maybe 790 days—over two years—with no MPs. Those might have been the happiest days of our lives.

Me: But what about those who say we should have the best people we can find in Parliament?

Smith: Best at what? Here in Bogus Green, the voters have a choice of just

three candidates, and anyone who votes for me because they think I'm the best is nuts. How would they know?

Me: Then why should they vote

for you?

Smith: Because I'm not worth any more than what they pay for the job. But if they elect me, at least I won't complain about being underpaid after I've been up there for a week. As their MP, I would realize I'm no better—or not much worse—than anyone else around here, and I get paid accordingly.

Me: So what are you going to do for the voters here if they elect you?

Smith: I think I'll be doing a lot for them just by taking the job. Have you

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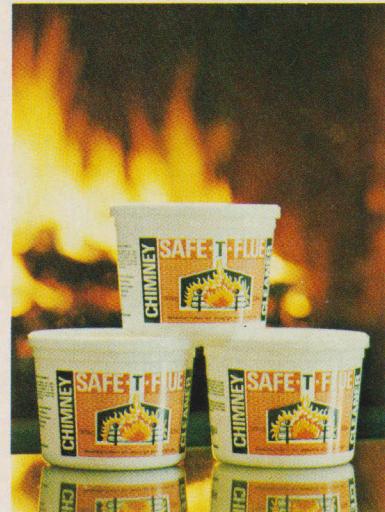
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ever spent a winter in Ottawa? You have to keep in mind that there are only three volunteers around here who were willing to apply. That should tell you something.

Me: Well, then, how about your party's platform?

Smith: I didn't have anything to do with that. It was written before I became a candidate and I'd be a fool to ask anyone to vote for me just so someone else could do something. I can't do anything to make anyone else better off just by going to Ottawa. The last fellow who promised to do that ended up in the Senate and hasn't been heard from since.

Me: Why have you refused to debate your opponents on the issues of the campaign?

Smith: Because it's a waste of time. The other candidates are just as bright as I am, even though we might disagree on a few things. But arguing about them in public isn't going to change anyone's mind.

Me: Well, why won't you go on television?

Smith: I don't want to suggest to people that how I look on television has anything to do with whether or not they should vote for me. If they don't know what I look like, they can drop around to the house some night and say hello.

Me: And you aren't doing any advertising?

Smith: Well, I don't want to look like I'm pleading for a job that no one else in Bogus Green would touch with a barge pole. People have to get it in their heads that they're not doing me any favors by sending me up to Ottawa. It's really the other way around, isn't it?

Me: So how have you conducted your campaign?

Smith: I've just told the people I meet that someone has to be the MP for Bogus Green and, since none of them are available, I'm willing to take a shot at it. A fellow ought to do something he doesn't want to do once in a while, and this is it for me.

Me: Why do you think some people are upset by your campaign?

Smith: I suppose I've upset a few politicians who want to believe they're better than their opponents, or that they have some great contribution to make to the lives of others. As I've said, anyone who truly believes that should see a doctor. I keep asking people what politician, in the last 20 years, has made a difference in their lives and they can't think of any. You'll get the same answer 20 years from now.

Me: Mr. Smith, thank you for the interview, but I'm running out of space.

Smith: Just as well. I haven't anything more to say. How about another cup of tea?

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Marilyn MacDonald's column

Smutty songs from WW II had social meaning. Sure



You'd be surprised by the sociological significance of "The North Atlantic Squadron"

My father was a career army man. One of my jobs as a little kid was polishing the brass buttons, buckles and clips on his uniform. You spread a chalky white liquid on them first and then buffed away till they shone. Later the army started using buttons that stayed shiny without work and I was out of business. By then, however, my idea of armed forces life had been firmly fixed by the image of the gentle, fastidious man whose burnished brass was my personal responsibility.

I was well up in years—turning 14 or so—when I became conscious of the fact that there were a few things about life in the service my father hadn't told me. A friend at school, one of those knowledgeable types who knew everything about sex two years before anybody else did, drew my attention to the presence of certain women on the streets of downtown Halifax at times which coincided with a port visit by some part of the American fleet.

She said some of those women came from as far away as Montreal. She also said she knew for sure, because someone had told her, that a girl in our class had been seen dancing with a sailor

at the Olympic Gardens. (The Gardens, now devoted to bingo and flea markets, used to be a Halifax dance hall.) She might as well have told me the kid had leprosy. Sailors inhabited dark regions of north-end Halifax, regions I knew about as well as I knew the topography of Malaysia. Anyone who looked on the inside of the Olympic Gardens would surely be struck dead.

It was my first touch with the seamy side of service life. How far we've come may be measured by the appearance of a new book that celebrates a seaminess even my worldly-wise school pal wouldn't have suspected. The title—very cute—is *Songs from the Front and Rear*, a collection of Canadian servicemen's songs from the Second World War, put together by Anthony Hopkins and published by Hurtig.

Second World War nostalgia is very big in publishing this season. Those of us with no memories of the war tend to forget that people who did live through it are getting on now, reaching the stage where memories become a primary source of entertainment. Publishers haven't forgotten, though. That's obvious from the number of Yes-I-remember-the-War books currently on the stands and selling well.

Songs from the Front and Rear records the lyrics and sometimes the music of the kind of stuff that was sung, in the words of Squadron Leader Bob Godfrey, RCAF (Ret'd.)'s introduction, "in the officers' and sergeants' messes from the Aleutians to India. They were sung by soldiers on the march, in their wet canteens, in rusty troopships and in the personal loneliness of the battlefields. They were sung in the mess decks of Canadian corvettes, destroyers and cruisers. And ashore, they were sung in Derry and Newfiejohn and Slackers dur-

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ing those short shore leaves from the bucketing war against U-boats in the icy waters of the North Atlantic."

Squadron Leader Godfrey goes on to premise a direct link between social norms of the Thirties and the war experience: "The recruits of 1939 had sung in school glee clubs and in church choirs. They had sung in cub packs and as boy scouts and at camp. They had sung in the high school auditorium, in the newly formed youth hostels and around the piano in their own homes. In the late Thirties, all that was needed for a high school class party was a crackling bonfire, a few blankets, a pound or two of marshmallows and a chaperone with a good lead voice. For these youngsters, it was a short step from the campfire songs to the more lusty lyrics they encountered in the armed forces."

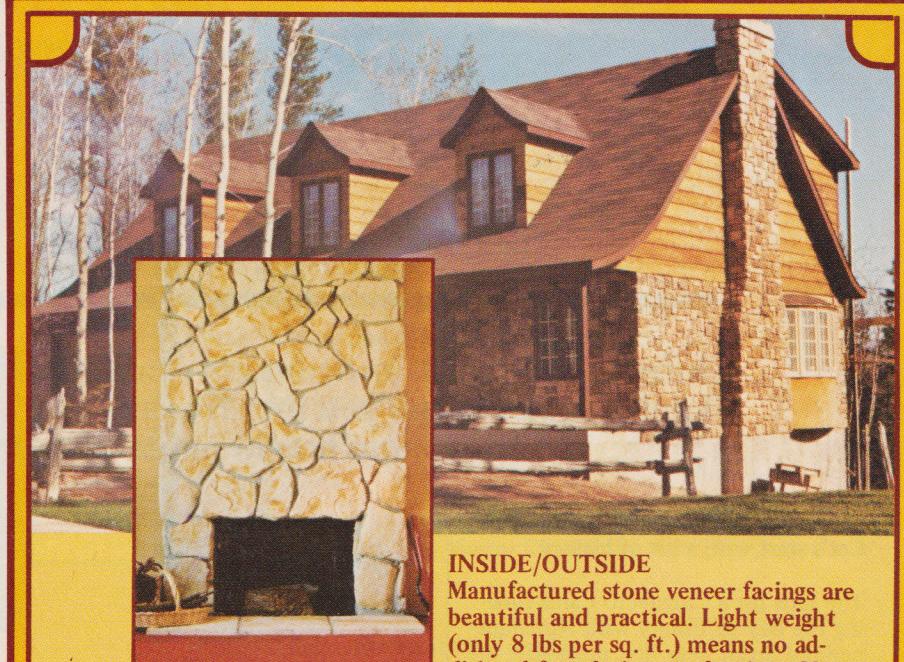
A short step? Well, maybe. But, admitting my scant knowledge of the period comes only from what I've read, I have trouble seeing the direct line between your average Thirties cub-pack wienie roast, and this:

Away, away, with fife and drum
Here we come, full of rum,
Looking for women who peddle
their bum,

In the North Atlantic Squadron

That verse from one of the most famous war songs is mild compared to much of the material in *Songs from the Front and Rear* (or even compared to most of the other verses of the same song). The stuff is so gross it's a problem finding passages you'd dare quote. Squadron Leader Godfrey has a theory about that: The kids who became Second World War recruits were a sexually repressed lot who, when they hit the convivial all-male atmosphere of the barrack-room, went, well, a little overboard. He thinks the reaction of the kids to the sexual hypocrisy of their society explains the dominant themes of the songs: Thus, the repulsive descriptions of relations with women ("Good Girls Don't"), and the fascination with shades and conditions of venereal disease ("Nice People Don't Discuss Such Things"). I'm not sure what brought on the preoccupation with the functioning or malfunctioning of bowels. Were Thirties kids chronically constipated?

People who sang those songs have probably forgotten how raunchy they really were. They must have. After all, a lot of those folks are the ones you hear complaining about today's permissive society or opposing sex education in the schools. Next time I hear one of those complaints, I think I'll recommend *Songs from the Front and Rear* to the complainer. Just as a reminder of how the good old days really were.



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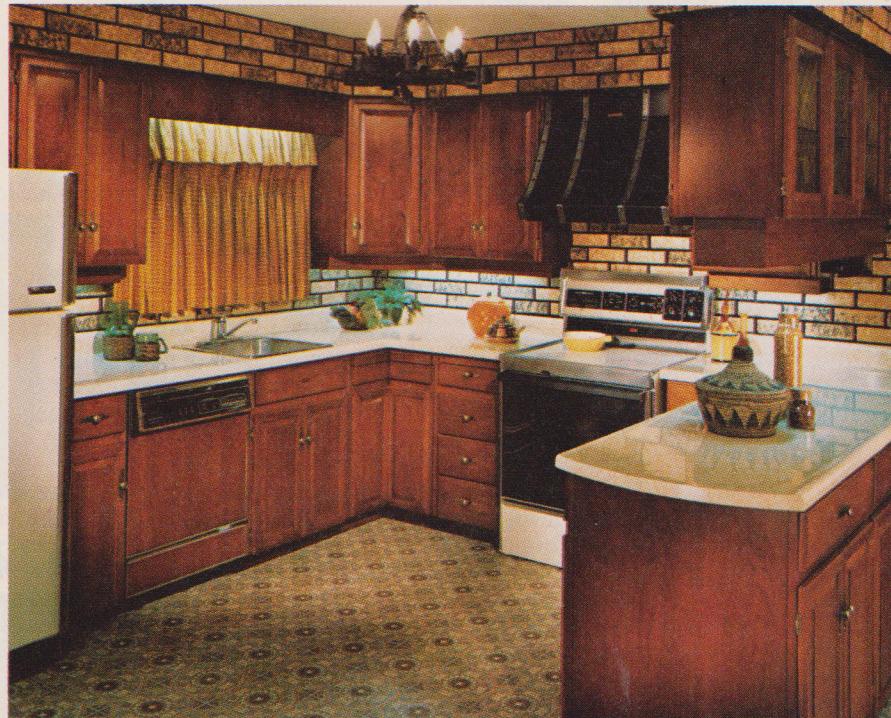
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- 1 The idea for a Chignecto Canal linking the Bay of Fundy with Northumberland Strait, was first proposed, in:
(a) 1686
(b) 1742
(c) 1837 Answer ()
- 2 Talking of digging. The search for Captain Kidd's ill-gotten gains on Oak Island (NS) has attracted all kinds of people, including one President of the United States, who financed two digs. Was it:
(a) Warren Harding
(b) Franklin Roosevelt
(c) John F. Kennedy Answer ()
- 3 After fifty-one years of being officially "dry", Newfoundland repealed its temperance laws, when:
(a) 1923
(b) 1947
(c) 1951 Answer ()
- 4 The first government-sponsored lottery in Canada was launched in Halifax in 1752. The money raised financed:
(a) Sewage treatment
(b) Halifax town clock
(c) Sambro lighthouse Answer ()
- 5 In 1852, North America's first underwater telephone cable linked:



- (a) P.E.I. to N.B.
(b) Nfld. to N.S.
(c) N.B. to N.S. Answer ()

Atlantic Insight is a people kind of magazine. So here's a people quiz

- 6 During the past year, you have heard and read of Angus MacLean of Prince Edward Island. Is he:
(a) The Mayor of Charlottetown
(b) Island Premier
(c) Noted Island author Answer ()
- 7 No current head of a Canadian government has survived longer than Richard Hatfield. But when exactly

was he first elected as Premier of New Brunswick?

- (a) June 1969
(b) Oct. 1970
(c) Sept. 1972 Answer ()

- 8 In addition to living and working in Atlantic Canada, David MacKay, Lindee Climo, and Gary Morton have one thing in common. They are:
(a) Members of a hot new rock group
(b) Puppet-makers
(c) Realist painters Answer ()

- 9 The Guinness Book of World Records declared Keith Leriche of Port aux Basques (Nfld.) the world's champion of marathon dancing. His record time:
(a) 103 hours 14 minutes
(b) 238 hours 11 minutes
(c) 304 hours 19 minutes Answer ()

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- 10 This year, *Atlantic Insight* readers were able to buy Christmas gift subscriptions to their favorite magazine for friends and relatives, or anyone else they wanted to impress. How many gift orders did we receive:
(a) 3,000
(b) 7,000
(c) 12,000 Answer ()

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Movies

Hoffman, Streep sparkle in ultimate custody fight

It's Kramer vs. Kramer, a movie you'll not forget soon

By Martin Knelman

Meryl Streep may be the first person ever to become a Hollywood star before landing a leading role. In *The Deer Hunter*, as a home-town girl waiting back in Pennsylvania while the boys go off to Vietnam, her role was fragmentary and almost unwritten, yet you could remember the emotional tone of her characterization months after you'd seen the movie. And in *The Seduction of Joe Tynan*, as the smart, playful temptress who was threatening to break up the hero's cozy, boringly typical family, she had such mesmerizing ways of licking her lips or twisting her swan-like neck that one's heart wasn't really in sending Joe Tynan back to his nest. In *Kramer vs. Kramer*, Streep plays one of the Kramers of the title and gives another performance that stays with you. But it's still a supporting role.

This is the story of a custody fight, but the movie—directed by Robert Benton from a novel by Avery Corman—doesn't give equal weight to the claims of the two parents battling over their six-year-old son. At the beginning, we are introduced to Meryl Streep's Joanna as a woman who is coming apart. What we see is her back as she walks out on her husband and child. She is virtually absent from the whole middle section of the film, and when she comes back, it's

as the destroyer threatening to break up the tight bond between those two males she left behind. By now, they have learned how to survive by leaning on each other. We've been programmed to want to keep father and son together, and Dustin Hoffman has been devastatingly effective at winning our loyalty. Yet when Streep takes the stand at the court hearing and describes what she has been through, we become persuaded she must have the child back.

Joanna, we can see now, isn't unfit or uncaring as a mother; she's just a woman who became desperate while locked into a life that didn't suit her, with the wrong man. We see her as a product of the 1960s—educated at Smith and with a promising job at *Mademoiselle*—who settled down with a man and had a baby, only to feel stranded later on. In earlier periods, a woman in these circumstances would have thought the fault was in her and would have stuck it out, but Joanna has absorbed just enough feminism to think maybe she should get out. She is not an especially charming character, but Meryl Streep makes her anguish so genuine and affecting that we can't reject her claim on the child. There's no clear right and wrong, and the movie tears you apart, just as custody cases often tear people apart.

Dustin Hoffman is such a soft, cuddly actor that the role of a harassed urban father of the 1970s, who also learns to be a mother, may be ideal for him. *Kramer vs. Kramer* is the male ver-



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MOVING?

Movies

sion of *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, and it wins us over the same way—entertaining us with the banter as father and son square off over such important issues as the right way to make French toast and the right of a child to take chocolate chip ice cream out of the freezer without permission, then catching us up in the deepening emotions just under the surface of silly domestic skirmishes.

Kramer vs. Kramer gets at the power of parental emotion more effectively than movies have done before. It reaches a kind of climax when the boy has a bloody accident at a playground while his father is distracted in conversation with a sympathetic neighbor (Jane Alexander) who is also a single parent. No one who has ever held a child's hand in a hospital emergency room will be unmoved by this sequence. When Hoffman stands up to a doctor who wants him to wait outside while the child has stitches, you want to cheer. The scar becomes a symbol of their life together. They have their disasters, but they tough it out and get through them.

Learning to bring up a child is a consciousness-raising experience for Ted Kramer. At first, being stuck with the kid is merely an inconvenience. It interferes with his career, and makes a normal sex life almost impossible. But gradually Kramer's relationship with his son becomes the most important thing in his life—indeed, the only thing he cares about. When Joanna turns up after 18 months and announces she is ready to take the boy back, Ted experiences this as a primal violation. He makes a list of the pros and cons of fighting for custody. The rational arguments are all on the "con" side, but this doesn't matter. Ted is willing to give up everything—to lose a good job and take one he hates, to subject himself to the ugliness of a court battle, to go deeply in debt for legal fees—gambling on a chance to hold on to his son.

Robert Benton, who wrote the script as well as directing the movie, is capable of growing in surprising ways. A former assistant art director of *Esquire* magazine, he broke into movies by collaborating with fellow *Esquire* refugee David Newman on the script of *Bonnie and Clyde*. Ever since that dazzling début, it has been obvious that Benton had wit and talent, but not even his ingratiating skill as the writer-director of *The Late Show*, with Art Carney and Lily Tomlin, made us expect anything like *Kramer vs. Kramer*. This time, Benton dares to take a serious subject and play it straight and full out.

Nowhere is Benton's touch more sure than in the courtroom sequences. The two lawyers aren't cartoon monsters, like the characters in *And Justice for All*, but they know they have dirty work to do: The way to win a custody case is to discredit the enemy parent. And while his lawyer tries to show that she's promiscuous and unstable, and her lawyer tries to expose him as a loser and an incompetent, Benton catches the moments when the combatants flinch at the pain being inflicted in the name of winning. *Kramer vs. Kramer* is about veterans of the marriage wars whose battle scars have made them tentative and vulnerable, and exquisitely sensitive to pain. I don't think there has ever been another movie that so accurately caught the perilous, unpredictable mixture of hatred and love that formerly married people feel toward each other.

Everywhere you go for the next few months, people are going to be talking about *Kramer vs. Kramer*, because this is the kind of movie that reaches into people's lives and makes them feel something. It's the first movie since *An Unmarried Woman* to have that kind of impact, and ideologically it may be taken as a rebuttal to that film. *Kramer vs. Kramer* on one level is propaganda for the unmarried man—for single fathers who want to keep their children. If women are demanding equality in the outside world, the movie argues, they must be prepared to offer men equality in domestic realms. I wouldn't be surprised if, eventually, there is a feminist backlash against *Kramer vs. Kramer*, because it stacks the deck in favor of the single father. But the first reaction will be stunned capitulation. The movie works you over the way a notorious tearjerker like *Imitation of Life* does, but since there are no false touches and the details will seem spookily accurate to an educated urban audience, *Kramer vs. Kramer* can't be laughed off. It's too close to home for too many people.

The Rose

This is a high-powered heartbreaker about a rock star who ODs on fame, love and misery as well as dope and booze. The material is obviously based on the life of Janis Joplin, who died in 1970 at the age of 27 in a Los Angeles motel room with fresh needle marks in her arm. The kids in the audience are so young they don't know who Janis Joplin was. But no matter. Bette Midler,

in her screen début, delivers an astound-ing, knockdown, give-it-all-you've-got performance, and she is so mesmerizing that the many sins of this movie hardly matter. Mark Rydell, the director, is determined to tear our guts out, and Alan Bates as a villainous manager gives a one-note performance. But Frederic Forest is wonderful as a driver who becomes the heroine's lover, and Harry Dean Stanton, that great character actor, makes one scene count for a lot.

Nosferatu

The young German director Werner Herzog has a perverse, original imagination and a striking visual sense. Here, he pays self-conscious tribute to F.W. Murnau's 1922 silent classic, with dramatic montage and a flow of beautiful images. Even the rats are photogenic. But the pace is deadly slow. What keeps the movie alive is that mesmerizing, oversize heavy Klaus Kinski—a pink-eyed, delicately clawed vampire consumed by Garboesque world-weariness.

Starting Over

A high-spirited romantic comedy directed by Alan Pakula and based on a Dan Wakefield novel, *Starting Over* features Burt Reynolds as a confused American male trying to break free of his ex-wife (Candice Bergen) so he can get into a relationship with someone else (Jill Clayburgh). The subject of post-separation anxiety has a kick to it, and the script connects with a contemporary audience by making jokes about neurotics we all recognize. In the style of Paul Mazursky movies and Woody Allen movies, *Starting Over* is satiric yet protective of its characters at the same time. Clayburgh, in what seems like a continuation of her *An Unmarried Woman* role, is engagingly high-strung. But there's a major problem. The hero is supposed to be torn between these two women, but Candy Bergen is so dreadful we can't imagine why she has an easy hold on him.

Feedback

Atlantic Insight is a refreshing addition to the Atlantic scene—in fact, to the Canadian scene. I look forward to each issue. Regional bias aside, I rate yours the best news magazine in Canada today. Keep it up.

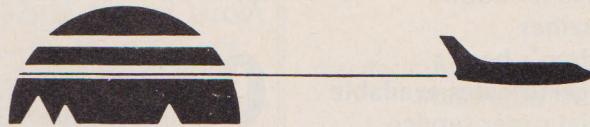
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Books

The romance-and drudgery-of life on a windjammer

*Clement W. Crowell,
Novascotiaman,
Nova Scotia Museum, \$20*

Clement Crowell, a Lockeport-born school inspector, attended a house auction in Beaver River, just around the corner from Yarmouth, N.S., in 1958. The effects of a deceased sea captain were being sold off, and Crowell had been told that among them was a painting of a ship named for his wife's great-uncle. The picture was indeed knocked down to him, but on the merest hunch Crowell asked if there were any papers about the premises not included in the sale. There were. Stacks of copperplate script were destined for prompt destruction, and Crowell was welcome to them. His retirement project, almost two decades later, became the collation and editing of what might otherwise have been the last of many such troves to go to the incinerator. (Crowell himself lived just long enough to see the result of this labor of love on the bookstands.)

The result is *Novascotiaman*. It reveals an aspect of Maritime sea trade under sail which has previously had scant attention. The book includes the bulk of the correspondence that passed between Captain Frank Gullison and Yarmouth owner-agent Nathan B. Lewis. There is precious little romance of the yo-heave-ho sort to be found in their late-Victorian business English. Instead, the reader gets a day-by-day record of the dickering and cheese-paring that made the difference between profit and loss during the last decade of Yarmouth's prowess as a major port of registry.

Frank Gullison was 25 when he got his first command, the Lewis ship (later barque) *Republic*. Two years later, in 1885, the company made him master of the newer and larger ship *N.B. Lewis*. She was to be his home until 1893, during a time in which the vessel never returned to her home port. Gullison himself voyaged for six years at a stretch without relief, and his responsibilities were immense. The business of a windjammer captain extended far beyond a wet sheet and a flowing sea.

Even the most avid of nautical-history buffs may find the detail con-

cerning tariffs, discounts and demurrage rather stiff going, despite the occasional relief provided by family letters and diary extracts. If there's a choice to be made between completeness and simple entertainment, however, there's little question the book would lose reference value with every cut.

Moreover, it rewards the diligent reader with fascinating clues about the principal writers, particularly the captain. Young Gullison is almost painfully anxious to please his employer: "...and hope sir you will find everything satisfactory. I have tried to do all for the best and if you find any little mistake please let me know as I am always willing to learn." As a commander, however, he brooks no nonsense: "...blowing strong from N. One sailor gets obstreperous [obstreperous], had to give him a trimming." His business sense is as keen as any Yankee trader's: "I got the best of Currie [coal merchant] gang this time and it makes me feel good. I made them pay for 'Lighterage' which I thought I would have to pay on arrival here."

There are poignant reminders that this man, even when fighting his ship through the baffling headwinds of the East China Sea, is still a Yarmouth County Baptist and Oddfellow, a family man whose loneliness can be deep: "...breeze blowing from SE. Well, this is Xmas eve; how my heart yearns for home Dear Home & loved ones & what a comfort it must be to those who enjoy this blessing. (Killed one of our little pigs) Bar. 30 T. 75."

Crowell provided *Novascotiaman* with illustrations, eight appendices, a useful index and an introduction containing a readable brief history of Yarmouth. The book is the most handsome publication yet for the Nova Scotia Museum, a must for any major Canadian library, and a great temptation for the private collector.

—Jim Bennet



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Profile

Millicent Billard means Newfoundland hospitality

She's "the queen of the tourist-home moms" but, alas, she's selling out

A visitor to Newfoundland quickly senses that the roads came after the settlements. They were both a breakthrough and an imposition. They are wild and lonely, breathtaking in summer, menacing in winter. Coming off such a road and into a village at night is a homecoming, even if you've never been there before. And the most comforting thing you'll find in one of these places is a tourist home. It might be anybody's house, with a spare bedroom and a sign out front; but inside, there's a cup of tea, conversation, a bed for the night and, in the kitchen next morning, breakfast.

New motels threaten to turn tourist homes into an endangered species, but not in Port au Choix where Mil-

licent Billard's place thrives on change. Her loyal clientele are the salesmen, linemen and truckers who travel the Northern Peninsula highway that links St. Anthony and Deer Lake. They prefer Billard's Tourist Home to a motel any night (the nearest is in Hawkes Bay), and not just because the rates are better. Says one seasoned traveller, "She's the queen of the tourist-home moms."

Millicent is indeed like a mom, although she has no children of her own. For 17 years she's given her business the kind of attention many children would be lucky to get. Like mothering, her job has never had set hours, and vacations have been few. The door of Billard's Tourist Home is never locked.

AMY JERLER
"The hours have been long, yes, but I like always having people around," she says. "When anyone comes back, it feels like a member of the family coming home."

At Billard's, you can sit around the living room as late as you like, or help yourself to tea and leftovers. Millicent says the guests respond in kind: "I've never had to repair or replace a thing because of somebody's recklessness. They treat it like it was their own home. I suppose they feel that way about me because I feel that way about them."

In a short-sleeved white uniform, gold cross on a chain around her neck, Millicent looks more like a nurse or a nun than a tourist-home mom. Her life has had that blend of sacrifice and service long associated with both vocations. Six years ago she and her husband considered putting business aside for a travelling holiday. But before the holiday could start, he was drowned on a hunting trip. Millicent has run the business on her own ever since—and found time for community activities, too.



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The appointment of A.J. Gillies as Regional Manager Marketing for CN Rail, is announced by D.W. Blair, Vice-President, Atlantic Region. Mr. Gillies was most recently Regional Manager Freight Sales and Services in CN Rail's Great Lakes Region at Toronto. He began his career in Montreal in 1951 and has served in a number of operational and marketing positions in Ontario and Quebec. As Atlantic Region Marketing Manager, Mr. Gillies will be headquartered in Moncton and will be responsible for the growth and development of the railway's regional marketing system.

Billard's Tourist Home began even before the road had caught up to Port au Choix. An archeologist friend, heading north with a group, discovered the Billards had three spare bedrooms. Her travelling companions had stayed at the closest accommodations—in Deer Lake, 125 miles away. So the friend phoned St. John's and had Billard's registered as a tourist home. Since then, the demand for rooms has required several additions to the house, and another building.

Port au Choix is one of Newfoundland's fastest-growing towns. An expanding Fishery Products Ltd. plant, just outside Millicent's door, has brought in hundreds of families and led to a boom in the community that fills her 31 rooms nearly all the time. She has never had to advertise. Efficient but unhurried, Millicent has time for conversation, phone reservations, exchanging a few words with the two women working in her kitchen. She never gives a hint of the countless things she must look after. Only a sock, waiting half-knit by the window, suggests something might be left undone. Her short reddish hair and warm green eyes give few clues to her age, and it's rude to ask. She's a small woman, but the strength of her arms and hands suggests she has long known what hard work is all about.

"Will you have some lunch?" she asks, and disappears into the kitchen. A fine antique table is set in the dining room but, today, everyone's around the kitchen table. Millicent's reputation goes beyond her warmth and fair prices. Her cooking, based on recipes from overseas visitors and sea captains, is famous all over Newfoundland. The fish specialties are legendary. Today, for instance, lunch includes a delicious shrimp curry and cod thermidor, and the seafood comes from the plant just across the road.

The new year has brought Millicent to a tough decision. Her parents are getting on. She is their only daughter. She'll sell the tourist home because, as she says, "Not everyone has the privilege of looking after their parents." She's also thinking of ways to reactivate the Women's Institute, and she may even get some of that travelling done. "I don't need the business now," she says. "Why keep it till you're worn down and too old to enjoy it?"

When she sells the business, she'll include the recipes. But it's much more than good food that's been bringing people back here for 17 years. It's been Millicent herself and, thanks to her, it will be a long time before Port au Choix stops being identified with the best home away from home a weary traveller to Newfoundland ever had.

—Amy Zierler

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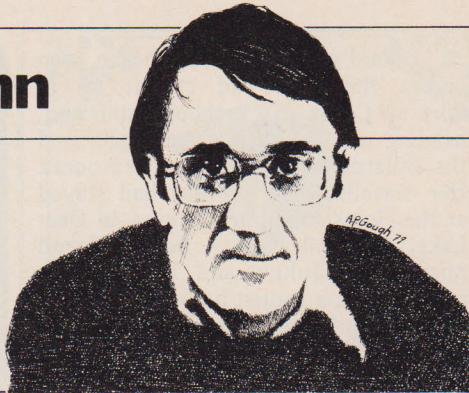
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Ray Guy's column

God save Newfoundland~ from Canadian football



When we were dirt poor we were mocked, and at the first hint that we might become filthy rich, we are loathed. "It isn't easy," pouts the Chanel No. 5 broad, "being Catherine Deneuve." Being a Newfoundland is no bunch of larks, either. A pity the same God who made the ptarmigan didn't give us a natural camouflage, too, but we stick out like blots at all seasons. In the lean years we were natural targets for those "Newfie jokes." These waned as soon as it looked like we might wax and now we're sniped at as "those oil-crazed, grab-all Newfoundlanders."

Some mainland Oscar Wilde is, I'll bet a Lincoln Continental, already poised with an epigram: "Newfoundland has passed directly from the comic to the nasty without an intervening period of trying to appreciate Canadian football." Fear and loathing have already surfaced in places like Halifax, Ottawa and Toronto. As we start hogging all the best hotel suites in London and the better villas in Sardinia, I expect it'll get worse. National envy and scorn is bound to fall heavier on us than it has on the Albertans.

It's true that when the Albertans were still threadbare they were mildly caricatured by the toffier parts of Canada. An Albertan punched his cows, thumped his Bible and, on weekends, hit the red-eye. But it never came down to "Bertie jokes." Now that they've got the swag you hear a bit of grumbling about "those blue-eyed Arabs" and "economic blackmail" but not the high-pitched reproach Newfoundlanders are already getting.

It's football that makes all the difference. Rich or poor, those Albertans had the saving grace of being partial to Canadian football. Patronized in poverty, abhorred in affluence but, thanks to the redeeming muck of the precious gridiron, always considered kith and kin. Newfoundlanders can expect no such mitigation. In the 30 long years of Confederation we made no effort to understand and embrace footballism. For such a stiff-necked and uncircumcised race as that, there is no Canadian pity.

We have soccer sects, baseball cults and hockey zealots. But football did not

catch. It looked like another elaborate mainland ploy to garner more cheap yuks by enticing us to call a thing shaped like that a ball. Every fall, TV networks get savage flack from Newfoundland viewers. Spare us those endless hours of Chinese opera performed by vivacious gorillas! When the broadcasters reply that they're locked into the tastes of the great Canadian majority, like it or lump it, the blowtorch moves closer to the thread that binds.

It's major issues like that—not petty stuff like gas and oil—which may drive Newfoundlanders to cut the poor unfortunate mainland adrift. All parts of the island—from the Sheikdom of Dildo Proper, to the Caliphate of Little Hearts Ease, to the Sultanate of Come By Chance—were unanimous on sharing this silly old gas and oil with Canada. Just because we don't cleave to orthodox footballanity like Ontario or Alberta doesn't mean we are strangers to charity, humility and 5% discounts per barrel to special friends.

Newfoundlanders are exceedingly generous. Churchill Falls, for instance, was given to Quebec as a going-away present. So, those who warmed the cockles of their hearts on Newfie jokes might well expect to toast their backsides with Newfoundland oil. To be honest, there do exist among us a few radical hotheads, misguided Young Turks who refuse to see that our gravest problem is the terrible threat of incipient prosperity.

They don't realize that once prosperity comes in the door our traditional Newfoundland way of life flies out the window. Poverty has made us what we are. Once that goes, there'll be fewer and fewer weather-beaten, horny-handed fisherfolk lying about in sanitoria with time to compose charming and authentic folksongs. Once the folksongs stop, the long slide toward footballism is inevitable. Alfie, for one, seems not to realize this. He's bound on a mad career of prosperity-mongering.

Young Alfie (or, to some, Premier A. Brian Peckford) has made an un-Newfoundland grab for gas and oil, northern cod stocks and, according to wild rumors, Flora MacDonald's knee.

The Life of Brian—he of the burning eye, the slashing gestures, the Smallwoodian twitchings—has so alarmed a portion of the St. John's oligarchy that they've launched a "Stop Alfie Movement" to nip him before he can torch the local Reichstag.

They fear that if Joey could ride high for 23 years on nothing but federal dole and the fire-sale of local resources, then young Alfie will be set for life by dazzling the mob with some real income. I don't give much for the Movement's chances. The big thing Peckford could have going for him has existed in Newfoundland for generations—before Canada, before jokes, before gas and oil. It's the deep and heart-felt belief, uniting each and every one of us, that for our own dear island it's got to be the spherical football or nothing at all.

Once Alfie takes a firm stand on that vital point, he's got clear sailing. He can then be King Alfie or he can be President-For-Life. That depends on whether he declaims John Crosbie or proclaims the Republic.

Feedback

Our Guy

I generally read Ray Guy's column with more than a little interest because I enjoy the sardonic humor and the play of wit. No one who knows the compassionate guy believes him to be "an avowed advocate of child abuse" (Letters, November). After all he must have been a child himself once, though his parents and teachers must have had a hard time trying to socialize the little imp.

However, Ray's tirade against that noble and nourishing food, the seal flipper, seems to me the height of gastronomical snobbery (*Screech Is Bad but, Ugh, Seal-Flipper Pie Is Worse*, November). His taste buds must have atrophied since he savored his former outharbor delights. Poverty food, fiddlesticks! Stick a fancy French name on a seal flipper, say *phoque de Terre Neuve*, embellish it with a proper wine sauce and it is worthy to grace the menus of epicures.

A.R. Scammell
St. John's, Nfld.

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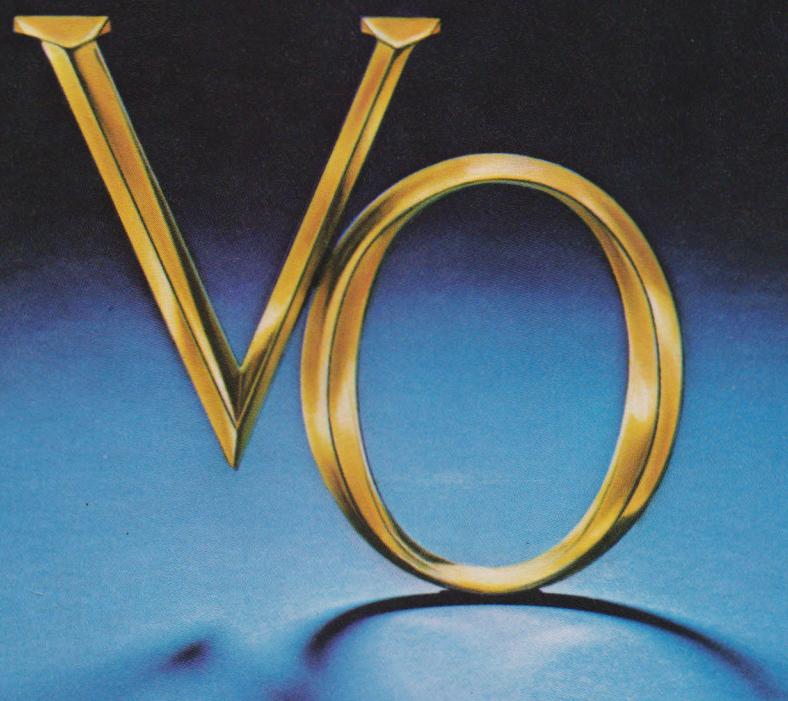


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